

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND

JOURNAL

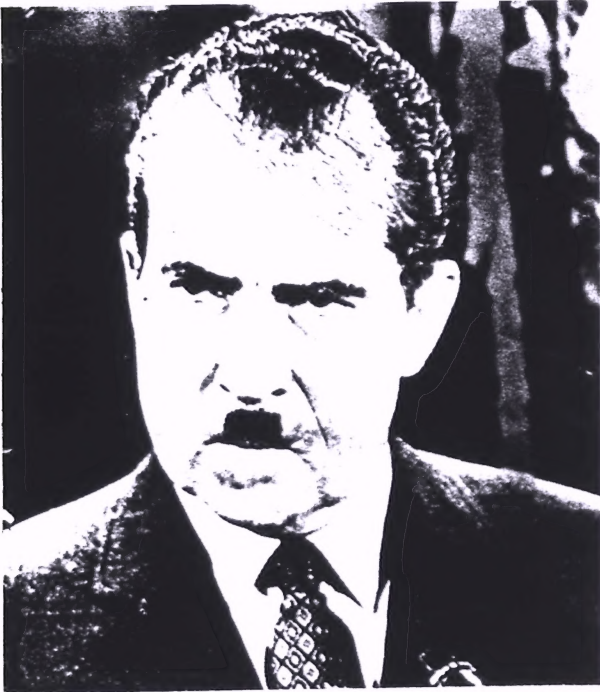
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Vol. I No. 14

May 14, 1970

Serving the Baltimore underground community since 1969

harry



The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might and the country is in danger.

Yes, danger from within and from without. We need law and order. Without law and order our nation cannot survive.

Elect us and we shall restore law and order. We will be respected by the nations of the world for law and order. Without law and order our republic will fall.

—Adolph Hitler, 1932
Hamburg, Germany

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Revolution

Panthers

at New Haven

NLF Invades US



Letters



Dear Flippancy Editor:

The supplement on ecology was one of the best things HARRY has done. Your interjections were stupid and inane.

The people who object to four-letter words probably stopped reading HARRY a long time ago. I'm not one of them. If you think your readers won't read anything that isn't well-spiced with titillating remarks—you have a pretty crumbly view of your readers.

Get your shit together, HARRY!

Love and Peace, Ann



Dear Sir:

At the time that I subscribed to Harry for a year I was lonely, dejected and confused about what life meant. Since then, the "head" movie "Bob Carol Ted and Alice" was used by God to show me how sinful I am, and how hopeless life is without love.

I decided I wasn't going out of this life being separated from God. God is the greatest source of love. However, he is also a just God. Man was created to have fellowship with God, but because man was stubbornly self-willful, he chose to go his own independent way and fellowship with God was broken.

I willfully chose to receive Jesus January 23 as my Lord and Savior. It has changed my life.

I have read your newspaper for five months, but now I would like for you to cancel the subscription. I have given you five months and four dollars. Couldn't you take five minutes and freely read the precious gift of God. Enclosed are two tracts. Please read them before you throw these tracts and everlasting life away.

Yours in Christ,
Gary Jaffae



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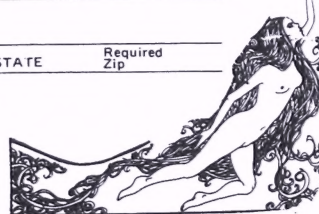
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It's Alright Ma, I'm Only Dying

AN EYEWITNESS REPORT FROM KENT STATE

by constance nowakowski

Friday (Mayday) was the day following Nixon's speech. Friday was the day that Kent State, an unknown and uninvolved small-town university near Cleveland, had its first big protest demonstration since the November Moratorium. (Winters are quite rough in Ohio.) Exactly one year before, Kent SDSer's took over the Music and Speech Building in a Vietnam protest, and all our radicals were arrested and imprisoned. About 30. This left the campus virtually without any activists. They were freed just in time for this demonstration, but unfortunately could not participate because of their parole rules.

Okay, so with a few Weathermen, some graduate students, a couple of professors, and a group of not-normally-active undergraduates, a copy of the U.S. Constitution was buried in a silent and peaceful ceremony on the grass of the Commons. The Commons is where they traditionally hold archery and baseball games, ROTC drills, and peace demonstrations.

Friday night in the downtown area along "Bar Row" (Bar Row has everyone as clientele: freaks, radicals, bikers, the Fraternal Order of Eagles, the Kent Moose Club, fraternity members, and regular students), another demonstration was held that looked more like a block party: booze, a bonfire — good clean revolutionary fun. Grass and opium were being smoked on the streets, and the bikers from Ravenna, O., passed out blotter acid — until the police came and a bottle was thrown at their car. The crowd became excited then. It seemed as if the police were going to just let the thing wear itself out. The bars closed, but the kids still sat around turning on, cursing Nixon, and recruiting drunks and women to the Cause. The riot cops came upon the scene and beat some heads, and we split the area, heading for campus, breaking windows on the way. A Weathergirl running next to me was clubbed. Then I was caught behind the line of rushing riot cops, so I snuck through bushes and backyards, where I ran into a kid freaking on acid. We made our way to campus, rejoining the group, and sat down in protest only to be dispersed by tear gas.

Saturday the Mayor of Kent declared a nighttime curfew, and made a few statements to the local newspaper. Many were angered at the beatings, and the fight against police brutality caught on. Fourteen had been arrested. That night about 300 kids gathered on the Commons. We set a small American flag afire and carried it to the ROTC building, broke a window, and threw it in. Cheers of victory went up from the crowd. The building was an eyesore — a frame barrack-type structure located at the head of the Commons in the center of the campus. The papers reported \$50,000 damage to supplies and files housed there. Firemen attempted to control the fire, but the hoses were cut and confiscated. Riot police beat a few heads and tear-gassed a little. We happened to be near a waiting Red Cross truck. A cop went up to it, reached in, and carried out a box of mace. I yelled, "Hey, Man, the Red Cross is ratting on us. I thought they were hear to help us." He retorted, waving a rifle, "Yes, you'll get help — helped right into the can."

Kent is normally very conservative, but this was becoming more than just

an incidental case of brutality; it was turning into a major crisis and students were quickly being radicalized. The number of activists increased progressively all weekend.

After burning ROTC, we burned a small wooden shack that housed Phys Ed bows and arrows because it was the only small burnable thing around and we wanted to give the pigs more shit. We then circled (the crowd numbered about 400 now) around to front campus where we saw a parade of approximately 500 guardsmen with tanks, jeeps carrying machine guns and M-16s, and whatever. It is difficult to describe the emotional reaction to their ominous arrival: it was certainly one of panic and massive paranoia. Imaginary Vietnams and World War II's went through my head. The National Guard immediately set to work breaking up the crowd; 33 were arrested before

monstrator, but I had never been activated until then. Many of us that were never before aware, became so that weekend. It took a personal nightmare and a physical threat to my own person to awaken me to the realization that action is not for someone else to do, that oppression is on everyone, and is for everyone to conquer. I had always protested for the war to end, but didn't believe in bringing it home. Now I saw and felt that it was already here, and has been for a long time.

Sunday was a beautiful day for a revolution. Everyone gathered as usual on the grass all over campus — disgusted, but determined to be real good love and peace freaks one more time. We talked to the pigs, turned on, etc. There was even a semi-official guided tour of the ROTC building for parents and university guests, including Governor Rhodes. The Guard

I asked a guardsman if his gun was loaded. He said he didn't know. "Are you going to use it?" He said if he had to.

The Guard was pissed off at being there. They had been on duty for a couple of weeks now because of the Teamsters' strike in Cleveland. They weren't used to military routine, they had little training in riot control, and one cat said he'd been in for only three weeks, avoiding the draft. A brother came home that afternoon and reported that he had been called aside by a young guardsman who said, "Psst... I'm on your side. I'm in college."

Governor Rhodes was behind their being there. He was running for a senate seat in Ohio and thought that by putting down campus radicals, he could pull in the winning votes. The elections were held two days after the shooting, and he lost.

Sunday night we again broke curfew and also martial law, which by this time was in force not only in Kent, but in all surrounding towns. Gas stations, liquor stores, businesses had been closed all day and would remain so. Pigs patrolled the streets: there were nearly 1,000 guardsmen in the area, and also every available policeman from as far as 40 miles away. The number of protesters had grown to 800 or 900.

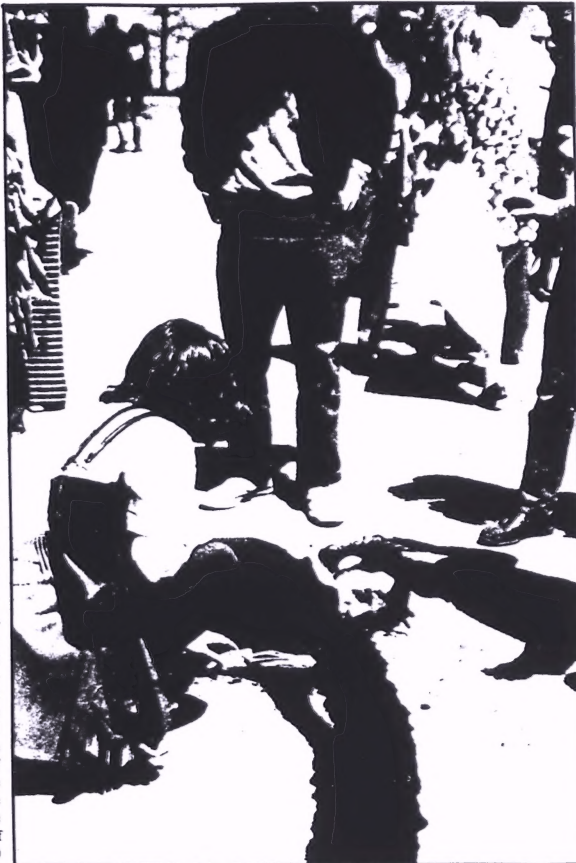
We started marching from the most outlying dormitories and apartment complexes to front campus, protesting the military occupation, the beatings, the tear-gassing, and the arrests of more than 100 brothers and sisters. The enemy surrounded a group of about 300 at the main gate of campus. Helicopters flew low and hovered, keeping high beams on the trapped demonstrators, who sat down and refused to go anywhere. They were gassed, but they did not move. They threw tear gas canisters back at the Guard. There was a tremendous feeling of unity. This is where a boy was bayoneted in the face. Another boy was bayoneted in the foot and laid for an hour on a nearby sorority lawn before help came. This night also a girl was badly wounded as she was bayoneted in the abdomen coming out of her dormitory after curfew.

I was in the group with a first aid kit, and they would not let me through to the trapped students. The whole first aid scene was very bad. We, as well as others throughout the area, opened our house as a first aid center. One cat and one chick painted a red cross on a white truck, got an authorization from the health center, and tried to get through enemy lines to help, but they were arrested.

The only thing that could be heard was the sound of the 8 or so helicopters and the crowd that was behind the lines surrounding the sit-down group singing "We Shall Overcome" and "Give Peace a Chance." The Guard held the small group in their circle for 3 or 4 hours, finally pepper gassing them, then arresting as many as they could catch. 60-some arrests were made that night. Several were injured on our side, none on theirs. Kent City police and campus police arrested a couple of kids to protect them from the Guard. The helicopters flew all night long.

Monday classes were held, though we were still under martial law. There was

Cont. on page 8



they could make it home. Later that night, I was standing on my street corner watching the flames rise a distance away, from the ROTC fire. Several people, some residents of the same street, were curious also, and a small group silently gathered there. We stood just watching, until guardsmen, apparently hiding in nearby bushes, suddenly rushed at us with bayonets fixed. We ran for our homes.

At this point I polarized — instant radicalization. I had always been a de-

had their tanks set up all over campus at what they thought were strategic points. 30 or 40 of them spent all day guarding the rubble. Students stared at them from the other side of the rope; some out of curiosity, some just to put them uptight. Guardsmen with M-16s patrolled the campus and the town. There were strange feelings, but no hassles. This is when Alison Krause, one of the shooting victims, put a daisy in the barrel of a guardsman's rifle and told him that flowers were better than guns.

58th ANNUAL FLOWER MART

"IF THEY GIVE YOU ANY SHIT, LOCK 'EM UP!"

—Police Captain



began turning into the usual "good vibrations" which had made the Flower Mart the favorite of flower children and society matrons alike. By three o'clock, there was little to indicate what had occurred, except for an unusual number of policemen aimlessly standing about.

There was little warning of what was to come when squads of these police began forming a "skirmish line" about 100 strong in front of the north square. This was about 4:20 p.m. Many of the participants followed them to see "what was going on." What, indeed, was going on is debatable. Lt. Col. Battaglia stated that "we got a call saying there was an unruly crowd throwing lemons." When asked whether there really had been a disturbance, he replied that "I didn't see any." Whatever the reason, over 100 policemen and at least 15 mounted patrolmen moved with force against the large crowd of patrons in the north quadrangle of the park. Caught in this were latecomers as well as those people attempting to leave. The officer forming the line had told his men, "If they give you any shit, lock 'em up."

Coordination between police units was poor. Almost immediately after one police captain had given a group permission

to leave to go north on Charles Street, charging horse patrolmen drove them back down the street again. Women screamed. People began fleeing in blind panic.

The police line, after it had driven the crowd from the park, began chasing them up Charles Street nearly as far as Read. At this point, some people, finally goaded into anger, began to talk back and immediately became the final injury and arrest statistics of the day. One HARRY reporter, Tom D'Antoni, was arrested on the steps of his apartment when he yelled at three policemen who were clubbing a young man. Several observers told me that they had seen a mounted policeman chasing a crying, pregnant girl up the sidewalk on Charles. The mounted police seemed to inspire particular terror. One merchant angrily showed me how close one had come to crushing his stand.

The angry shouts and catcalls which greeted the police buses as they departed left no doubt as to the impression they left behind them. Minor disturbances involving fewer than fifty high school youths led to an over-reaction by police which, in this case, might have provoked a full-scale riot. And perhaps legitimately so.

by LEN BRADFORD

Blue-helmeted policemen bloomed instead of the usual flowers at the 58th Annual Flower Mart. Outrage, hurt, and fear were the predominant emotions during last Wednesday, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The first incidents began around noon, when crowds of high school students arrived at the mart. The violence was largely located in the west square of the park, and went almost unnoticed by the other participants at the Flower Mart. Bands of youths attacked other groups, a fountain and a bookstand were pushed over, and several people were injured. When the police began making arrests, the crowd's rising hostilities found them to be likely targets. Police making arrests were surrounded, and attempts were made to free those arrested. Reinforcements were called in by the police.

A total of 250 policemen, including four mounted police, repeatedly charged into the crowd from about 12:15 on, in a quasi-military fashion, macing and clubbing both rowdies and bystanders alike. This "dispersal," as it was called, effectively cleared the west side of the mart. The majority of those arrested were seized during this melee. An uneasy peace was established by 1:30, and it later



"Undercover" policeman transposed



Ouch—Who was that masked man?



Among those arrested: local wino, unidentified freak, and HARRY reporter Tom D'Antoni

Photos by LEN BRADFORD

BALTO-CONG CLAIM VICTORY



by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

It was a great fight, but we won. Twenty-seven people got busted, but we really won the motherfucker.

Yep. After years of passive protests, and non-malevolent marches, radicals, peace creeps, storm troopers, and flower children staged a sometimes angry and sometimes joyous and (for the cops) always unpredictable protest march and rally and march and rally and march and traffic fuckup.

Permits had been granted by the grace of God and the D'Allesandro administration to people from Hopkins for a series of marches to War Memorial Plaza. (If you remember, we changed the name in 1968 to the Peace Plaza, but it never stuck — neither did the concept). The marches were from Hopkins, Community College of Baltimore, and Morgan (which met the one from Hopkins).

The two marches, a half a block long from CCB and a full block long and sidewalk to sidewalk from Hopkins arrived at the War Memorial within fifteen minutes of each other.

The Hopkins/Morgan march (about 50-50 black and white) featured a new chant:

"Gimmie an 'N'
"N"
"Gimmie an 'I'
"I"
"Gimmie an 'X'
"X"
"Gimmie an 'O'
"O"
"Gimmie an 'N'
"N"
"Whadaya got?"
"SHIT!!!!"

Along with the familiar "Peace Now!!" and "1-2-3-4 we don't want your fucking war," chants were "Free Ochuki," "Free Bobby," and "Free the Panthers."

When the Morgan/Hopkins march arrived, the Plaza was about half full. The addition of the march swelled the number to almost 3,000 and filled the Plaza.

After some time was expended by those at the microphones trying to clear the streets of demonstrators, the first rally got underway. Among the speakers was Anita Stroud, a Panther and one of the leaders in the Eastern H.S. uprising in February.

The crowd was as attentive as it could be under the circumstances. The circumstances being the anticipation of what to most would be an illegal march and rally at Hopkins Plaza in front of the

Federal Building.

My understanding is that at the last minute, the sponsors were able to gain a permit for the rally, but not for the march.

At approximately 4 p.m., the people moved from the Plaza, west on Fayette St. to Guilford Ave., south on Guilford to Baltimore and west on Baltimore to the intersection of Baltimore and Charles. Another group marched due west on Saratoga, turned south at Charles and made its triumphant way south to Baltimore St. where it joined the other march.

A few minutes were spent joyously tying up traffic at Baltimore and Charles Sts. and then the march proceeded to Federal (Hopkins) Plaza.

While most people were milling around waiting for something to happen, a group of demonstrators caused something to happen. One cat tried to carry a V.C. flag into the lobby of the Federal building. A businessman and a General Services Administration cop tried to take it away from him. In the struggle the staff was broken and the flag ended up on the floor. I picked it up, unfurled it a little and handed it to someone who took it up to the mezzanine balcony that overlooks the lobby and hung it up on the balcony railing.

During the struggle for the flag a couple hundred demonstrators entered the lobby, sat down, occupied it, milled around in it and finally just after the flag had been draped over the railing, they tore down, ripped off, and fucked up a glass case containing a picture of Richard Milhous Nixon. The picture, case, and glass were scattered on the floor of the lobby.

It was at this point that someone came up to me and — that's right dope fans — handed me a pipeful of grass. FFFFFUP. Right On!

The legal observers then began acting as though they had been given the title "marshal" or "cop" and persuaded most of the people who were left in the lobby to leave.

Most of them had gone anyway — after someone smashed a plate glass window.

A few minutes of indecision were soon ended when most of the crowd began walking west on Baltimore St. This was a totally unexpected tactic (for the police). As the people made their way west and then north on Howard St. (blocking traffic all the way), a

realization seemed to sweep over the crowd — hey, wow man, we're really gonna tie this fucker up.

As the march continued north, the police began blocking Howard St. from traffic north of the march. When the people at the head of the march saw that they were losing the advantage because there was no traffic to block, they turned east on Centre St.

At Centre and Cathedral, a car was blocked in the intersection. The driver completed a series of quick backward and forward movements. ("If any demonstrator lays down in front of my car, it'll be the last car he ever lays down in front of" — G. Wallace.) This action did not sit too well with the crowd, who started beating on the car, kicking it and chasing it south on Cathedral, where it finally broke loose.

Keep in mind, march fans, that the march stopped at, and tied up traffic at, every intersection on the route.

Fifteen minutes later, with the groups still pretty much stationary, two people were busted at St. Paul and Centre for pulling a Ghandi on St. Paul St.

At this point Assistant Police Commissioner Wade Poole, acting under the orders from Donald Pomerleau, ordered Lt. Col. Battaglia, Chief of Patrol (who was on the scene) to clear the area of the Monument. The orders came when the crowd was at its smallest (200-250-it had been as large as 1500).

Major Miller, a mean motherfucker, moved his troops west on Centre until he met up with a group of Tactical Squad members at Charles St. The legal observers had tried to get everyone to move north, and that was where the bulk of the crowd had gone.

Major George Schnabel's men were in front of Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Church. When Miller's men were halfway up the south part of the park, one of the demonstrators threw a rock. Miller ordered a charge which ended with Miller's men at the south east corner of Charles and Monument. Schnabel's men began moving toward their cars.

Most of the demonstrators felt that this meant they were leaving. It didn't and it freaked a lot of the demonstrators when they discovered that the cops were merely going to their cars to get their riot gear on.

The march turned north on Charles and proceeded to Mt. Vernon Place. All the time the cops were having a hell of a time figuring out where we were going. Once they did figure out where it was going, they had to move quickly to block off and re-route the traffic in four directions.

After a brief rest at Mt. Vernon, the march went east on Monument, south on Calvert, west on Saratoga, and north on Charles to Franklin. When the march reached Franklin, it broke up into three groups. Some stayed at Charles and Franklin, some at Charles and Centre, and others went to Cathedral and Franklin and then to the offices of M. Goldseker and Sons Slumlords where they smashed in his windows. The group returned to Cathedral and Franklin.

At no time was an order to disperse given. The only thing I hear Schnabel say—and I was near him from the time his men got their gear on—was "Get'em!"

The cops, who by that time were pigs, charged again and began busting people indiscriminately. Will White, a HARRY photographer, got busted for taking pictures.

The battle moved up Charles until it reached Biddle St. where, after a few rocks were thrown and a few more heads busted, the battle ended, except for a few minor skirmishes between the Dial-a-Fascist truck and some demonstrators at North and Charles.

Except for two, all those arrested were either acquitted or given probation before verdict. The other two, including Phil Marcus, were given \$25 fines.

Old fucking Baltimore really got it on. Blocking traffic for two hours with a leaderless march (I led it for a while until someone offered me a joint) during the rush hour. And it was a rush. Oh yes, a rush indeed.



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I GOT THE POOL IN THE MORNING, AND THE GAS AT NIGHT

by ART LEVINE

Next time, I'm taking a gas mask and a helmet. No more of this handkerchief and lemon bullshit for me.

We all thought we were prepared for the march. This one, we knew, was going to be the most violent march in Movement history. With the Kent State deaths, the escalation of the war, the hasty planning, there was no way for it not to explode. Rumors spread quickly. The Weathermen were coming... a new, deadly gas was being readied... there would be a charge on the White House.

So, the night before the march, the big time radicals at my school (Johns Hopkins) held a planning session. I, of course, missed it, going instead to see Godard's Rolling Stones flick. But after the meeting, I met a friend who briefed me with all the anxious excitement of a captain before the big battle.

"Make sure you've got clothing to cover all parts of your body," he said gravely. "And if you're arrested, shot, gassed, or bayoneted, make sure you know the phone numbers for legal and medical aid." SHOT??? BAYONETED??? I felt my stomach getting sick with nervous fear, I could understand being tear-gassed, but the idea of being gunned down in the streets of Washington was a little hard to take.

But then again, it would be sort of interesting to be a martyr. I could see Dave Dellinger addressing 200,000 angry students who converged on my home town to protest the brutal massacre of innocent life. "We must avenge the death of Brother Art Levine!" he screams into the mike. "Right on!" the crowd responds, as thousands hold aloft black-rimmed pictures of me. A week later, Nixon, facing a revolt in Congress and a Harris Poll that shows 85% of the nation opposed to my killing, announces the withdrawal of all troops from Indochina. My brief fantasy ended, though, when my friend asked, "Are you in an affinity group?" I turned toward him, bewildered.

An affinity group, he explained, was a group of 5 or 6 people who stick together and agree on tactics. This way the risk of being arrested or injured alone was greatly reduced.

An affinity group - what a great word. It gave to all the semi-radicals the conspiratorial flavor of underground cells and revolutionary discipline. We could use code names, passwords, secret handshakes, and decoder rings, just like the real revolutionaries.

But it brought back into our lives the old elementary school traumas. It was like picking sides for a softball game, with the losers and misfits always being chosen last. "Can I be in your affinity group?" one kid pleads to another. "No, you're too moderate." At the end of the ordeal, there were a few kids without affinity groups, standing in a corner, weeping.

Then, I was warned about gas. Of course, there had been a big run on gas masks at the surplus stores, and the rest of us had to devise our own protection. My friend gave me the expert advice that he got at the meeting: A wet handkerchief, folded at least five times, held over mouth and nostrils, doused in lemon juice if possible to neutralize the chemical effect of the gas. Don't rub your eyes, but wash them out.

"You ready for tomorrow?" he concluded, raising his fist.

"Roger," I answered, as I strode away, with a determined look on my face, ready for anything.

I rose early the next morning and checked my equipment: two handkerchiefs. I was all prepared.

At the buses, I met the other mem-



bers of my affinity group: Ken, Tom, Steve, Colin, and George. We stared at each other solemnly, as we clasped hands, knowing in our hearts that some of us might not make it through the day.

When the buses arrived in Washington, the Hopkins kids met at a building near George Washington U. Inside, kids were eagerly ripping up white sheets for sweatbands and gas protection. Standing in a corner was a radical professor, draped with dozens of plastic bags filled with wet handkerchiefs and lemons. He graciously offered me a plastic bag and a lemon, as I soaked my handkerchiefs, an act which I was to repeat roughly every thirty seconds for the rest of the day. Confident now of my ability to withstand attack, I marched with my group (Affinity Group No. 6) toward the Ellipse.

The rally crowd was listless, and mostly unknown student leaders indulged in ego trips. Each leader would be introduced by Dr. Spock as if he were Christ returned to earth. "And now... Charley Markowitz!" Spock shouted, as some kid would advance to the mike, and begin shouting in a strained, adolescent voice. The crowd was roused only when celebrities like Jane Fonda and Dave Dellinger spoke, or when a speaker would lead us in wholesome cheers like "FUCK RICHARD NIXON! FUCK RICHARD NIXON!" Otherwise, we sat around, getting thirsty and fainting from the heat.

I was disappointed that no one called for a storming of the White House. Not that I would ever do such a thing, of course, but it would feed my sense of

Collapsing Empire and Impending Doom. I wanted to see newsreels of thousands of kids climbing over the high, black fence surrounding the White House, while the troops tried to repulse them with clubs and bayonets. Freaks in the Blue Room... the peace flag unfurled on the White House roof....

Many of us nurtured that secret hope, and thousands of kids, fresh from take-overs and non-negotiable demands and strikes at their own colleges, thought that maybe it could work here too. All we had to do was repeat the scenario, but on a larger scale. Surround the White House. Take it over. Issue demands. President addresses students with bullhorn on White House steps. Brutal troops sent in. Nation is radicalized. General Strike. Nixon caves in. VICTORY!!!

After the speakers finished, the call went out for a peaceful march to leave eight coffins at the White House. But we all knew what was really going to happen. This would be the true test, the dividing line between the radicals and liberals, the leap into the unknown.

Our affinity group pondered its next move. And like all good leftists, we broke into factions. Colin, Tom, and George were wary of joining the coffin march, while Steve, Ken, and I urged the group to join it. I was convinced that only the most fervent, hard-core extremists would move towards the White House, and I felt cool and daring. Finally, George decided to leave, and the rest of us pressed on to the march, with Ginsberg Om-ing from the speakers' stand. Headly with the knowledge of my own hip elitism, I

was surprised to find that there were at least 50,000 other people with the same idea as our group. I wondered, what type of elitism is this?

Anyway, the crowd moved slowly, pressed against the many buses that ringed the White House area. Our group was in the middle of a Give-Peace-A-Chance crowd, complete with peace signs, priests, and flowers. As we neared H street, we were buffeted by a wave of militant chants that overpowered our group, and our V-signs became raised fists.

Soon we were across from the White House, separated only by buses, rows of D.C. police with riot gear, a park, a wide street, the White House gates, and a vast lawn. We could only see the buses. Taking the White House would not be easy.

"Sit down, sit down, you're rocking the boat!"

It was the hoarse, screaming voice of Dr. Steve Pepper. Steve Pepper! A leading radical professor at our school, he was instrumental in the recent protests at our university, which included a court injunction and a student strike. And now here he was in Washington, trying to do the same thing all over again. He was in the middle of a small but growing crowd in the street. He had lost his affinity group (Tactics? Ego hassles? Bad breath?), but he had gone onto the Big Time, starting a sit-down in front of the White House.

He greeted us warmly, and we sat down next to him. But he was already deeply engaged in a strategy session. "What are our demands going to be?" he asked, imagining Nixon just to be a more famous version of our incompetent university president. Meanwhile, our five-man affinity group was being ripped apart by dissension. The buses Hopkins had chartered were scheduled to leave soon, and Colin and Tom wanted to get back. So, Ken, Steve, and I decided to stick it out, and as the rest of the group left, I tearfully waved goodbye, saying, "If I don't make it back, tell my Mom I always loved her."

But we were too nervous, knowing that there were cops behind each bus. At any moment, tear-gas could go off. All around us, kids were taking out their handkerchiefs, rags, and bandanas, pressing them against their face to prac-



tice for the REAL THING. Unfortunately, our group was so hungry and weak out for some food, and returned with new fervor—and an enormous gallon picnic cooler, filled with water.

When we returned, the crowd had grown, and the mood was angry and tense. I could tell the crowd was nervous, when I again spotted my favorite radical professor in the crowd. "Pepper! Pepper!", I cried eagerly, gesturing towards Dr. Pepper. "PEPPER GAS!!!" people screamed, leaping to their feet, clutching their handkerchiefs. After a while, the panic subsided, and people sat down again.

Yet violence was in the air. Grizzled veterans of confrontation were instructing novices in the ways of responding to tear gas. A lucky few were equipped with tear-gas masks, and other confrontation necessities, but most of the crowd wasn't so fortunate. Tension rose, while all the kids began readying themselves for the gas. But they moved with a sure confidence as they soaked their handkerchiefs. They had all been prepared, just as we were, and they expected a little discomfort, but not much more.

I, too, prepared for the tear-gas with suave assurance. I had been gassed once before, at the Justice Department in November, but I wasn't equipped for it. Now, I thought, I had everything I needed: wet handkerchiefs, lemon juice, and expert advice. What could go wrong?

Suddenly, a bus near the corner was being rocked steadily. The crowd began chanting, "No! No! No!" We were very, very scared.

My affinity group edged nervously away. Then, a cloud of gas appeared over the bus. The kids with tear-gas masks and helmets, oddly enough, urged the rest of us to stay seated. I considered the possibility as I calmly watched the



cloud that seemed so far away. I was secure with my lemon-soaked handkerchief and picnic cooler. Then the gas hit me...

"HOLY SHIT!! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!" I thought, jumping to my feet.

"WALK! WALK! WALK!" the Mobe marshals shouted, while the panicked crowd tore ass out of there. For a brief while, I pressed my rag to my face, and tried to breathe through it. "IT'S NOT WORKING!" my mind flashed, as the

gas seared my lungs and burnt my face. And... MY EYES!!!! I CAN'T STAND IT! FFFUCK IT! JEEESUS!!!!

I was on fire, running down the street in a mad frenzy, gasping for breath and pouring water over myself and others in desperation. I kept pressing the lemon rag against my face, hoping to save myself from the terrible gas. My friends caught up with me, and helped me round the corner. My eyes and lungs and face were burning with pain.

But the problems for those who were gassed had just begun. Everywhere we went, we were met with conflicting advice. "Don't use water, it's pepper gas," one old pro warned us. A few feet away another kid, equally assured, said, "Make sure you wash your eyes out with water, it's tear gas."

At water faucets, the debate raged between the two schools of thought, as dazed kids stood by helplessly, racked with pain. As one victim crawled on his knees toward the faucet, a fight broke out between two experts. "Don't let him touch that water! I should know, I was at Chicago!" a tall youth shouted, removing his motorcycle helmet and goggles. "Oh yeah?" the other responded, rolling up the sleeves of his work shirt. "I was at People's Park, and I say he's got to have some water!" The two then grappled with each other, while the tear-gas victim collapsed on the sidewalk, moaning in agony.

There were fortunately medics, whom I cleverly recognized as those dressed in white coats with red crosses. They did nice little things for us, like wash our faces and rinse our eyes. They also handed out small vials of chicken soup, remarking, "You should only keep yourself healthy, that's all I ask." The three of us were feeling much better by then, and we promised to be good, while we returned once again to the action.

But where was the action? I was disappointed. It seemed that all the real militants had stayed away, and it was left for those ex-Moratorium kids to do the best they could. But all they could come up with were a few broken windows, and they couldn't provoke the D.C. cops in time for the Late News. So, our affinity group walked dejectedly to the Washington Monument while I kept muttering, "I want some violence. I want some violence."

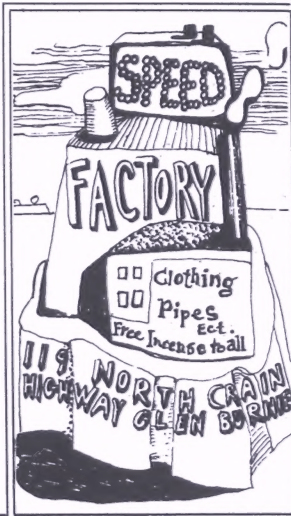
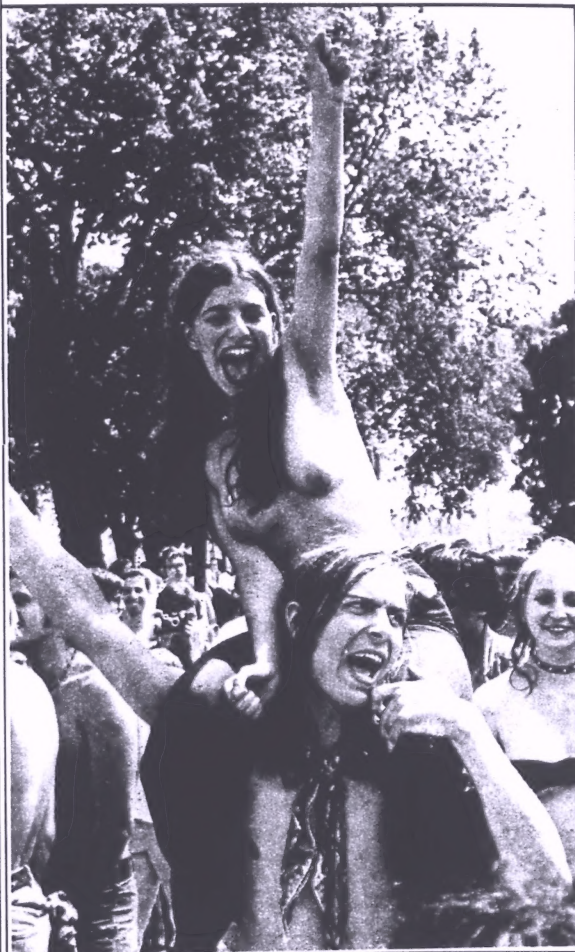
Beneath the Monument, joints were passed around and radicals swapped tales of their exploits. "I remember when we burnt down the bank at Santa Barbara,"

one kid said wistfully, rubbing his beard, "there ain't never been nothin' like that." The others nodded slowly, their eyes moist with nostalgia. "Yeah, man, that was a heavy scene."

Soon, however, we decided to leave for the trains. We staggered towards the station, praying with feeble desperation for a lift. Finally, a car stopped for us. As we piled into the car, I felt a slow panic rise inside of me. The driver had... short hair! He drove silently, winding down the dark Washington streets. Trembling in the back seat, I could see it all too clearly: KKK TAKES PROTESTERS FOR DEATHRIDE; + BODIES FOUND IN VIRGINIA DITCH. I edged near the door handle, waiting for the next stop light....

When he let us off at the station, I felt like a complete fool. All my paranoid fantasies had been wrong, and another stereotype had been shattered.

On the ride home, we were angry. Angry at Nixon, angry at the war, angry at injustice. But most of all, we were angry at the schmuck who told us that handkerchiefs and lemons would protect us against tear gas. And we made a vow that if we ever get hold of that moron, we'd put him in a room full of gas and melt him with wet rags and lemon pits, while "Give Peace a Chance" plays in the background. The movement, we realized, still has a long way to go.



KENT

a rumor that the pigs had orders to shoot to kill. It was also rumored that there would be a rally on the Commons at noon to call for a strike and protest the pigs on campus. There was. About 2,000 students, faculty, newsmen, photographers, and undercover agents were gathering in the area. The faculty backed us and became one with us. Our faithful university president, after having lunch with Governor Rhodes in Kent on Sunday, split for Iowa. We gathered on the hill overlooking the Commons, while the enemy center was still the ROTC rubble. They were armed with mace, M-1s, mortars and tear gas. Pepper gas was being flown around in the helicopters. Each pig had his own mace and tear gas on his belt. We had nothing, except for wet rags in Baggies that someone passed around to use in case of tear gas. Fear was no longer present in my head or anybody else's. The only thing that mattered was to be freed, and if you couldn't be free, what was the fun about living under military rule?

A Jeep came forward from their sanctuary, and they said over a loudspeaker: "You have orders to disperse immediately. This area is under martial law. There can be no gatherings." We chanted, "Fuck You," and "Pigs Go Home," and continued our rally. They threw tear gas. We threw it back. No one ran. We were sick of running. About 75 guardsmen charged up the hill, fully armed, and another battalion circled to the side. We split (walking) to another hill on the back of the Commons behind the journalism building. They followed, finding themselves outnumbered. They got uptight. We threw any available stick or stone — no rocks, there were no rocks in that grassy area.

All of a sudden, a guardsman gave a signal, swinging his arm down. His fist was clenched. Then they were on their knees, firing into the group, a group of nothing but name-callers, on-lookers, demonstrators, and stone-throwers. Fired directly into them, not at the ground nor at the sky nor at the top of a building. Some guardsmen didn't fire.

We were shocked and stunned — at the noise mostly — most of us thought they shot blanks. The only thing you could hear was the volley of shots — and then total silence, except for some screams and moans. The enemy split back down the hill to their sanctuary, leaving dead kids, wounded kids, scared kids, and blood. We tried to stop them. We were immobilized. We couldn't believe it. Bedlam. Kids and profs were screaming and crying, forming circles around the bodies to give them air, and to keep the crowd — some still unbelieving — away. We waited for the ambulances to come and take them away. Out of the 12 wounded and 4 dead (it appeared that they died instantly — at least the girl who got hit in the jugular vein did). The boy with

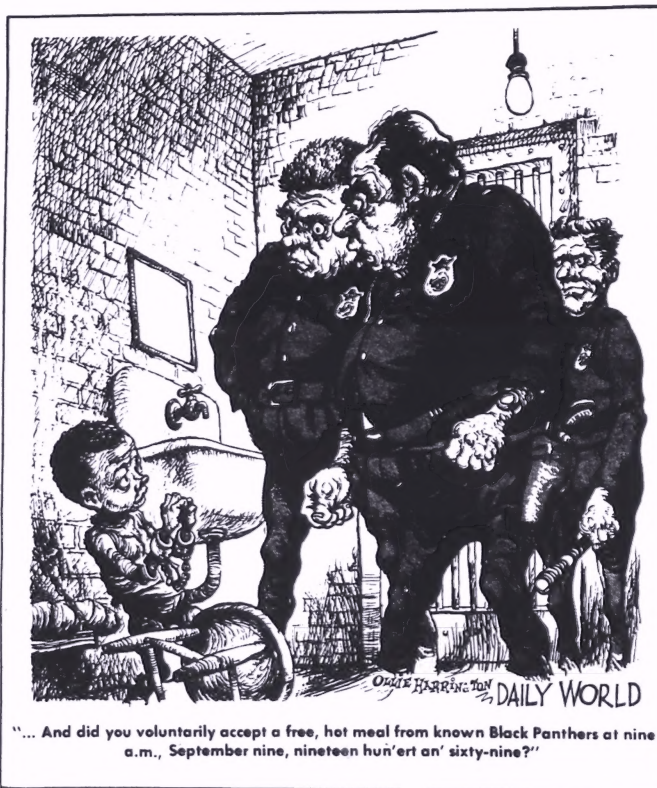
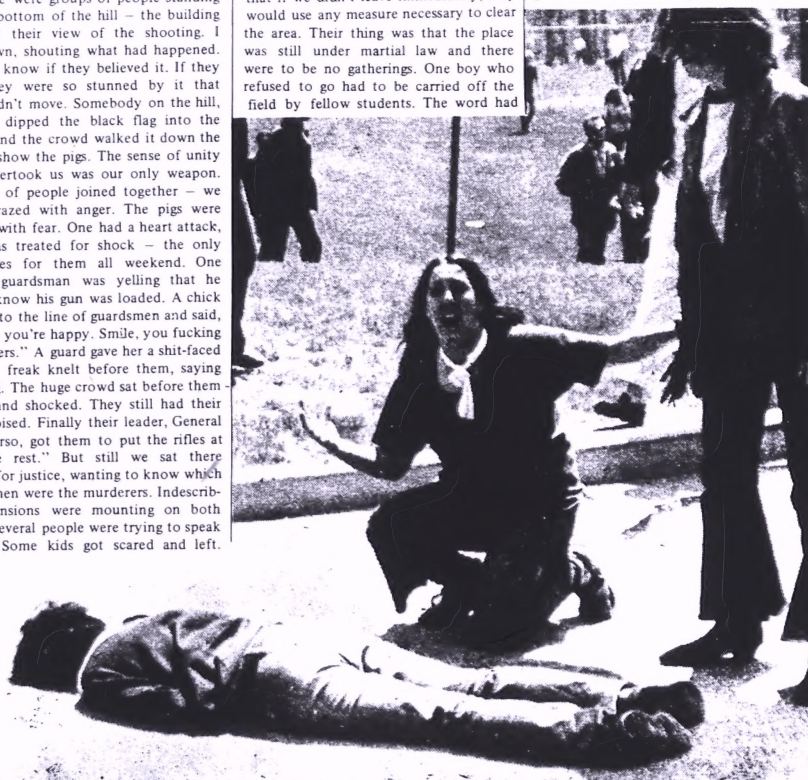
his foot shot almost off was the last to be taken away. At first he had not

been aware that he had been shot. He had seen it coming and tried to dive under a car. There was not a Red Cross truck in sight, only privately owned ambulances.

There were groups of people standing at the bottom of the hill — the building blocked their view of the shooting. I ran down, shouting what had happened. I don't know if they believed it. If they did, they were so stunned by it that they didn't move. Somebody on the hill, a boy, dipped the black flag into the blood and the crowd walked it down the hill to show the pigs. The sense of unity that overtook us was our only weapon. Crowds of people joined together — we were crazed with anger. The pigs were crazed with fear. One had a heart attack, one was treated for shock — the only casualties for them all weekend. One young guardsman was yelling that he didn't know his gun was loaded. A chick ran up to the line of guardsmen and said, "I hope you're happy. Smile, you fucking murderers." A guard gave her a shit-faced grin. A freak knelt before them, saying nothing. The huge crowd sat before them angry and shocked. They still had their guns poised. Finally their leader, General Del Corso, got them to put the rifles at "parade rest." But still we sat there crying for justice, wanting to know which guardsmen were the murderers. Indescribable tensions were mounting on both sides. Several people were trying to speak to us. Some kids got scared and left.

They were trying to calm us so that there would be no more bloodshed. We didn't care. Professors and newsmen finally persuaded us to get up and slowly walk away, because the guard sent a message that if we didn't leave immediately, they would use any measure necessary to clear the area. Their thing was that the place was still under martial law and there were to be no gatherings. One boy who refused to go had to be carried off the field by fellow students. The word had

spread all over campus by this time, and it is impossible to describe the emotion that was registered on faces as we slowly walked away, being forced by inches from the area by highway patrolmen (a guardsman would have gotten killed).



"... And did you voluntarily accept a free, hot meal from known Black Panthers at nine a.m., September nine, nineteen hun'ert an' sixty-nine?"

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TOGETHER WITH THE PANTHERS

by MINDY SHEA

Background music for the first picture of revolution - Berkeley's Free Speech movement, 1964. Since then, the sounds have changed, but the revolution plays on. We've seen it in Washington, Chicago, at Columbia (and, next to the Dow Jones Averages, it's the silent majority's favorite part of the 6:00 news). Now in New Haven, in solid black and white, another reel has been added.

On April 12th Doug Miranda of the Connecticut Panthers met in New Haven with William Kunstler, Artie Seale and Big Man of the BPP. They called for the Yale community to concern themselves with nine Panthers on trial for the murder of Alex Rackley - a Panther allegedly turned pig informer. Within the week, Yale students raised issues relevant, not only to the trial, but also to the Yale Corporation complex.

Besides demanding \$500,000 for the Panther Defense Fund, students submitted five general demands to Yale President Brewster:

1. That the University provide a day care center for the children of all employees and faculty.
2. That the University provide employment compensation for its workers.
3. That the Yale Corporation back the statement made by Brewster concerning his skepticism of a fair trial for the Panthers.
4. That the University halt construction on the Institute of Social Sciences.
5. That the University set up a \$5 million dollar revolving fund for the purpose of providing 2,000 units of low and moderate income housing in New Haven.

But the Panther trial remained as the target for involvement and action. By April 23rd, a general strike had been called throughout Yale, phones were linked between Panther Defense Headquarters and strike centers, and the first of the Conspiracy 7 arrived at Yale. John Froines was soon joined by Hoffman, Dellinger, et al. It was clear that the Chicago 7 had become the New Haven 7 and would remain so until the Panthers were free. Coordinators met to plan a massive weekend rally and issued a message for all people to come together May 1st in support of the New Haven 9.

We heard the cry and the scene couldn't have been more beautiful - 10,000 engulfed in the spirit of commitment. (Like one of Rubin's revolutionaries who "ain't never, never gonna grow up", I reacted with goosebumps and a shit-eating grin.) Except for the pigs, who said hello in uniformed silence and, later, goodbye with gas, we were welcomed with smiles and fists raised in unity, for freedom, for power.

We went to New Haven to voice our contempt for the latest move in the

"Things, they might be different if I were here alone but I've got a friend or two who no longer live at home. And since I left my parents, I've forgotten how to bow so when I've got something to say sir, I'm gonna say it now."

Ochs

committed by the pigs since May 1967. We must feel their loss as now we feel our own with the slaughter of the Kent State students. The pigs' bullets are aimed at all colors of the revolution.

Here in Baltimore, six of our brothers have been arrested and indicted for the kidnapping and murder of an alleged Panther. More busts are probable as the police plot to eliminate the Panthers

trying, and at Yale this intent became an isolated reality. But unless we continue to act on our need for solidarity, we will lose the fight for freedom and power to all people. We share a common enemy in the racist, pig government and its corporate extensions; we must confront them on common ground. It is time NOW to maximize our effort against repression - time to realize we are not alone



Charles Garry, lawyer for Bobby Seale, and David Hilliard, BPP Chief of Staff

at a rally at Yale University.

popular pig game of Panther extermination - the imprisonment and trial of the New Haven Nine. We went to demand an end to judicial prejudice. We went to show Nixon that we care about the lives of our brothers, just as he has shown the opposite. In harmony, we went to free Bobby Seale.

The Mitchell law and order machine is engaged in a campaign to bury the Panther movement - dead or alive. According to Charles Garry, Chief Counsel for the BPP, there have been over 1,000 incidents of harrassment and 19 murders

from Baltimore City continues. As one of the New York Panther 21 has stated, "they are afraid of your blackness" and more afraid of any move to assert that blackness en masse. New dimensions have been added to this truth with the recent jailing of over 54 Panthers in the cities of L.A., New York, New Haven, and Baltimore.

We can no longer ignore the political and judicial repression of our brothers and sisters - no longer view their struggle as less urgent than our own. We are

"The call has gone out for us to get it together. We must help each other's revolution if either is to flourish."

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NLF: NORTHERN LUNATIC FRINGE INVADES USA!



VANCOUVER, B.C. [LNS] — "In solidarity with the people of the Third World and with white youth, we make this symbolic invasion into the United States. Of course we won't thrust into the U.S. more than 22, and 7/10 miles and will withdraw our forces by June 30.

In response to the opening of two new fronts in the war in Cambodia and Kent State, a group of Canadian revolutionaries opened a third front on the U.S. - Canada border Saturday, May 9. The liberation army, which marched about a thousand strong past the border guards and into the U.S. Saturday afternoon, was led by the Northern Lunatic Fringe (NLF) of the Youth International Party, the Vancouver Liberation Front, and the staff of Vancouver's new underground paper, the Yellow Journal.

Border guards made no attempt to repel the invasion, the first violation of the so-called undefended border since 1812. The army attacked Blaine, Wash., a small border town, running en masse down the main street, chanting "Power to the People", "Seize the Time!" and various spontaneous slogans relating to Cambodia, Kent State, and American imperialism in Canada.

Canada has the most U.S. capital per capita of any country in the world. Symbol of such continental solidarity is the Blaine Peace Arch at Peace Arch Park, which straddles the U.S. - Canada frontier. A set of symbolic gates are bolted open beneath the arch, which stands about 50 feet high. The inscription on the peace arch reads "May these gates never be closed".

A U.S. flag flew in the small war memorial park beside a Howitzer cannon pointing out to the sea. Presumably it was expected that any invasion would be coming from China, not Canada. The flag was destroyed by the invading force. Within two more blocks, another flag was ripped off.

The mayor of Blaine brandished a .38 calibre pistol at the invaders when he met them on the street, but did not fire.

The march proceeded down the main drag, with people waving from windows. Those who flashed "V" signs were saluted with fists. A small group of local right-

wingers, later identified as members of the White Serviceman's League, hung on the edge of the crowd, occasionally shouting taunts to the demonstrators. Several fights broke out when the men attacked stragglers, but the protesters got together again.

U.S. properties were chosen as targets for the invaders. Police, dressed in riot hats and equipped with 3-foot clubs and Mace, Manguns on their hips and tear gas launchers in their hands, finally arrived to push people back towards the border, gaining a substantial hand from the angry local right-wingers.

When the Canadian forces returned to the peace arch, they tore the gates from the walls of the arch and tied them shut, declaring the border closed to American imperialism.

The inscription on the arch now reads: "May these gates ever be closed."

The arch was splattered with paint, someone adding in red letters, "America will fall." The floodlights on the U.S. side of the arch were trashed, and then one of the lights on the Canadian side went. "Hey, that's our side!" shouted one demonstrator. "No, it isn't," returned a comrade, reading aloud the inscription on the giant bulb: "General Electric. Made in U.S.A."

The police finally began using Mace to put an end to the rebellion. Finally, the last of the Canadian forces crossed back into Canada, trashing a trainload of American cars heading for the Canadian customs building. Canadian radio reports estimated the trashing to have cost \$50,000. U.S. reports said \$100,000.

One Washington congressman has called for the Canadian government to pay the damages. A state senator has demanded an official apology from the Canadian government.

The attorney general of British Columbia has called for the levelling of charges against all those involved in the May 9 invasion.

The invaders replied to the call for an apology: "We've withdrawn our troops from the United States. We will apologize for our invasion when the U.S. withdraws its troops from Cambodia, apologizes, and makes full restitution to the people of Southeast Asia."

OFFICIALS MISS CHANCE TO TURN ON



DETROIT[LNS] — The best of Michigan's establishment got a chance to turn on for May Day when anonymous donors from the underground mailed each of them a marijuana cigarette.

Governor Milliken, Mayor Gibbs, at least 23 legislators, visiting Recorder's Court Judge Cornelius Sullivan and Col. Frederick E. Davids, head of the state Police, elected officials, policemen and judges were among those who got the joints.

The marijuana came with illustrated instructions for smoking, along with the best wishes of the senders and a plea to "help build a better America" by smoking and legalizing marijuana.

The mailing was part of a "Grass for the Masses" campaign to send marijuana cigarettes to legal officials and many "straight" citizens in recognition of Law Day. The campaign had been publicized in underground and student newspapers.

The White Panther Party claimed credit for originating the campaign in the Detroit area, but not for the actual mailing.

"It's a celebration of Law Day," said Ken Kelley. "Hopefully some of the legislators will try it and realize that marijuana is not some kind of undercover poison."

Establishment types who got the marijuana reacted with a mixture of embarrassment, outrage, amusement, and confusion. Most of them sent the cigarettes to police. State police analyzed three samples as "high quality" marijuana.

"I don't like it. I don't approve of it. It's against the law," Milliken said after receiving his cigarette.

Rep. James F. Smith called the gesture "a blatant flouting of our laws."

But another legislator laughed and confessed, "I was tempted to close my door and have a few drags."

In a related action April 30, more than 100 White Panther Party members gathered in Lansing for a demonstration promoting legalization of marijuana and the release from prison of White Panther leader John Sinclair, imprisoned for nine and a half to ten years for possession of two joints.

FELLOWSHIP OF LIGHTS COMES TOGETHER

by ROGER BACON

Close to two months ago, way back at the end of March, I attended a meeting called by the Fellowship of Lights, a group of brothers and sisters with a clipboard full of ideas. If you recall way back in Harry no. 10, we printed an article introducing this group to you so now, with Harry no. 14 and no further word about them, we felt it was high time to investigate the matter to see what was the hang up.

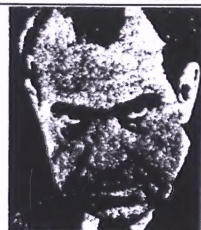
After a surge of much needed emotion, I went down to the YMCA office of Hal Wilson, one of the several interested parties working to push Fellowship of Lights up the ladder. It seems that our wait is only a couple days off for as soon as the City Solicitor approves insurance problems, they will be moving into their 1026 Cathedral St. location which will be, according to Mr. Wilson, Monday around 10:00 AM. The problems they faced these last two months were both red tape and a couple of complaints from the community though generally the response was extremely positive.

During this two month wait, they chose a director for their program. Lewis W. Foxwell, Jr., an ordained Unitarian minister. Mr. Foxwell is a graduate of Baltimore City College and Union College in Barbourville, Kentucky, where he majored in English and Philosophy while minoring in Drama. He is a twenty-nine year old veteran of many programs such as CORE, where he organized a local chapter at his college, the Welfare Dept. where he worked as a case worker and more recently the developer of New World Fellowship, a humanitarian, collective in Northfield, Mass.

Mr. Wilson and the other faces in the Fellowship of Lights are quite positive that with the leadership of Lou Foxwell and the support of the Free Community, 1026 Cathedral Street will flourish with life.

Once moving into the building and along with the 350 dollars from the benefit (and a special thanks to all those who attended from the F of L too) they will, in three weeks, have things in running order, with the Switchboard the first step. If all goes well, they will have an open house on Sunday, June 7th from 3 to 7 and urge all to attend to offer help or just to have a look around.

A special call for volunteers is given for those who wish to help them clean up the house. A lot of work has to be done and they cannot do it alone. So if you don't mind getting a little dirty, drop on by anytime beginning next week.



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SELL HARRY



ABBIE HOFFMAN FOR THE HELL OF IT

by Michael Carliner

The following interview was conducted on May 16 at Fort Meade, Maryland.

When I first heard Abbie Hoffman speak, about a year ago in Philadelphia, he was a joyous, outrageous clown who spouted Lenny Bruce riffs.

The next time I saw Abbie was at the Radical Media Conference in Ann Arbor last July. At that time, I mentioned his Philadelphia appearance and the fact that he apparently copied so much from Bruce. We discussed this, and Abbie mentioned that Bruce was funnier and more alive before he started getting hassled by the police. He said that the numerous arrests and legal problems took a heavy toll on Lenny, and that recordings made in the period just before his tragic death—like the Berkeley Concert—were not as good because they reflected the anguish he had undergone.

At the time of that conversation, Abbie had already been arrested some 40 times, but he delighted in playing mental games with cops and seemed to enjoy his brushes with the law. That was before he was baked in Julius Hoffman's neon oven.

Like Lenny Bruce, Abbie seems now to have been hit heavily by the forces of repression. He was more subdued than I'd ever seen him (which is still more alive than most of us will ever be), and he was fatalistic as he spoke of his personal future. Perhaps he has also been scarred by seeing his friend John Sinclair, who was also present at that conference in Ann Arbor, put away for 9½ to 10 years for possession of two joints. Or even more by seeing Bobby Seale, a co-defendant in Chicago, bound and gagged and threatened with possible death by a judicial system where justice is only for the politically and socially acceptable.

Abbie Hoffman is one of the most beautiful people I've ever met.

Q: What do you have planned for July 4?

A: The July 4 celebration—I don't even like to call it a demonstration—is one of independence, a celebration of a new nation. It will be at the Washington Monument. I estimate right now that there will be upwards of 10,000 people, and if we organize effectively there will be more.

Q: Have you talked to these people who are putting out these posters and buttons, Right-A-Wrong?

A: Right-A-Wrong is basically a con operation. They are a bunch of two bit hustlers. We talked to them as recently as three days ago and they're out of it. They swindled a lot of people out of money on their "legalize marijuana" campaign.

We are working with Holding Together, a Tim Leary defense operation. We're trying to get a statement from Tim Leary in jail calling for demonstrations. We hope these demonstrations will be more than just smoke-ins. We hope that it will be much more broad-based. And we'll be able to do a lot more things—like a constitutional convention at one of the schools. You know, where a bunch of people get together and seriously talk about the founding of a new nation. We have a flag—you've probably seen it. It's a black flag with a red star and a marijuana leaf.

Q: What do you think of the repressions going on now—the very violent type? The deaths—do you think they'll really keep growing?

A: Yes, absolutely. I think we have to arm ourselves—we have to arm and we have to prepare to defend ourselves militarily. We are in a life or death struggle. I think it is not just a symbolic life or death struggle with a culture of greed. It's with people who want to do more than just give us haircuts. They want to cut our heads off.

In New York we are living under fascist conditions right now. The construction workers are organized brown shirts. They've made a frontal attack on our coordination center at Pace College, trying to wipe out the city-wide strike. They carved up people with meat hooks and chains and other devices—brutal devices—and the police stood by, watched, did nothing. There have been no arrests—no arrests for conspiracy. They are highly organized. They get money from the construction industry. They have organizers going into other unions and around the country organizing.

I think young people should begin the task of training themselves to be armed fighters. I think that's the only defense and that's the defense of our nation. We have to be prepared for being rounded up and

shipped to concentration camps. I don't think it's just a paranoid trip. I think it's a very real experience in America today, and I think it's going to grow more real, depending on the outcome of the war in Vietnam.

We've sent a delegation of the Youth International Party headed by Nancy Rubin to North Vietnam. There are four people there now. They're trying to get a better idea of the military situation in Cambodia and Vietnam and they'll be coming back in a week or two and reporting and we'll base some of our strategy on that report.

Q: When you were here in September you were talking about forming an organization of Youth International Party.

A: Well, definitely we are moving constantly to form organizations. I mean it's hard because basically Yippies tend to be anarchistic. That's good to a certain extent, but I think in terms of the kinds of goals we want to accomplish in the country you have to have some national organization, a national organization of white revolutionary youth. And there isn't one today that exists. It would serve a number of purposes. For example, we should have moved nationally against the movie *Woodstock*. You know, in terms of forcing them to pay taxes to the new nation rather than the old nation. We should have been able to move against that. Now we can't just walk into Warner Brothers and say, "Give us some fuckin' money or we'll burn down Warner Brothers". You have to have a strong national organization that is going to decide on that as a national goal.

As a national organization you have to have organizers that'll go into small communities and teach people how to start underground newspapers and things like that and how to organize bail funds and bust funds. And secondly, you need a national organization that's willing to support a growing military underground in America. There is a military underground and it is happening. It needs funds and it needs recruits and it needs equipment.

Let's face it. We have three people on the ten most wanted list of the FBI. Pan Piamondon from the White Panthers, who is alive and well. Rap Brown of course—he's a brother of ours and a political fugitive. And I can't remember the last guy's name. He's from Denver. The guy who took out the power lines about a year ago. When you have a society where mostly political prisoners on the ten most wanted list, you literally have a revolutionary nation growing within a police state.

Q: Does it seem like a national think would lose some of the spirit? Like you get to be bureaucratic and shit.

A: Well, I don't think so. I don't think that's possible. I kind of wish that was the fear. None of us fear that as much as not getting people to organize nationally. Everybody came away from that thing on Saturday that I talked to say, "This is awful. This is sort of a safety belt for Nixon". You have the sorry spectacle of the biggest war criminal in the world living in the White House, protected by 4,000 crazy OMeers running around making "V" signs. There were no police, no MPs. There were paper pigs called Mobe marshals who were telling us that we should be nice, we should be cool, we should be calm because we are the violent ones and if we attack the White House or something—of gee—there would be a lot of violence. Well there is a lot of violence in America. They should go sit around Nixon's bed and say, "OM Dick".

I can name ten universities that contained more energy than Washington last Saturday. In Berlin there was more activity, there was more energy, there was more outrage. People didn't show any outrage. They thought it was a fuckin' picnic. It was a fuckin' picnic sitting there on the lawn—and that's ok. The Yippies is not against picnics. The Party in Youth International Party is against Picnic. But when you're at war you have to have the party behind the barricades. But it wasn't established, the lines weren't drawn. Peaceniks protected the White House—and buses. Should have been armed troops.

They should follow every cop around. The pacifists should pick out a cop and follow him around and say "OM"—continuously and just "OM"—"OM" the pants off him.

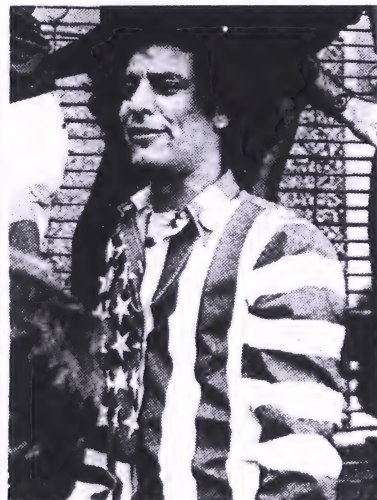
I think right now non-violence serves the aims of the White House, at least that demonstration did.

Sometimes it's good. It would be great if we could convince the National Security Council to be non-violent.

Mass civil disobedience was probably the correct strategy for Saturday. I mean people should have circled the White House. There should have been two or three thousand arrests. But instead there was nothing. Nixon proved that he had opened the dialog. The people there—all of us—served as pawns in the White House propaganda campaign to convince the world that freedom of speech and dissent are tolerated in America.

I think that the next mass mobilization that the Mobilization calls there should be a mass coalition of radicals—if it's right and they have made some sort of decision and they have it together enough—and they should attack the stage. I think that's what we're trying to do in the Youth International Party.

We have headquarters in Washington at 1736 R St. and we hope to have kind of a national collective organization that can challenge the Mobe because it needs to be challenged.



Q: Do you think the Mobe should be taken over from within?

A: I don't really go for that kind of strategy, for taking over groups when you disagree with their politics. That's awful arrogant in a kind of a way. We should have another thing, even if we attack the stage you're saying, well, there are two things. We got different views about how to run a demonstration. They may be doing a few things right. They shouldn't be destroyed—not by us. But there were significant numbers of people there that disagreed with their strategy to a large extent, but they were somehow incapable of organizing themselves because of factional differences.

Q: How will the July 4 demonstration be different?

A: We hope to have a permanent occupation of Washington, a kind of Insurrection City. And then people in the various schools and liberated zones would map their particular kind of strategy and if they wanted to march on the Justice Dept. to protest the trial of Bobby Seale and repression against the Black Panthers that would be right on. There are a number of types of demonstrations, and also it'll be the point at which Nixon's six or seven weeks are up in terms of his promise that the troops will be out of Cambodia, which we don't think will happen.

Q: Will you apply for permits?

A: That will depend on... Jerry and I are trying to phase out, for one thing. Jerry will be in jail all of June and I will be in another part of the country. I mean we're trying to develop a kind of national collective that can exist without us. Our personal opinion is that we have less than two months to stay alive and out of prison. The number of attacks on us, the number of arrests and threats from the Justice Dept. about revoking our bail are very real indeed.

POWER TO THE KARMA CONSCIOUS CHEMO-ELEC INSTANT MEDIA REVEALUTION

by P. J. O'Rourke

We are the forces of chaos and
anarchy
Everything they say we are
we are
And we are very proud of
ourselves
Up against the wall
Up against the wall motherfucker

Jefferson Airplane

FUCK STRUCTURE

asking
seed how to open
roots how to grow
"open" "grow"

Paul Reps

A situation exists which needs to be altered. Information goes out to the people, asking them to do what needs to be done. Right-thinking people do it. Right thought/right action. No meetings, no debates, no voting, no power plays, no bullshit. Information produces action when the people are free and love each other. Organization will transpire around the skills of the people involved. Trip Captains are the people who have what's needed. In music, it's the musician. In injury, it's the doctor. In balling, it's your lover. This is the way things were at Woodstock, not the way things are every day. Make it the way things are every day. Learn the skills that produce what people need: food, shelter, medicine, communication, defense, and joy. Then do what needs to be done. Don't complicate things. Don't stand in the way.

FUCK YOUR BELIEFS

When I'm wrong I'm right
Where I belong I'm right
Where I belong

The Beatles

The only thing you need to believe is that your brothers and sisters are your brothers and sisters. Believe anything else you want, but if you have any consciousness at all you'll do right by your people. All people are your people. This revolution is cosmic — so if you don't have any consciousness, do something to get some: take LSD, get religion, meditate, read Kierkegaard — anything that works for you. Don't send out bad vibrations in the name of the revolution.

FUCK CONVERSION

Here words and prayers are
nothing worth,
I'll venture, then, to bear
these forth.

Goethe

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GIVE YOU MORE THAN THE FACTS

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NEWS



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(We'll send you copy about June 15)
And that's what we're all about.

If a man doesn't cop to the people's movie, don't argue with him. Don't hassle. Don't waste energy. Say to him: "Take LSD, join the revolution, and get happy feet! Man, forget that ugly president and your pig shit boss, forget everything you've ever been told and come on out front. Quit getting your kicks from John Wayne movies and make some of your own. 'Cause we're gonna do all the righteous things. We're gonna take care of our brothers and sisters. We're gonna smoke dope and fuck a whole lot and dance in the street."

FUCK EDUCATION

Twenty years of schooling
And they put ya on the
day shift.

-Bob Dylan

The people want the people to have lots of skills to use and information to pass around. Ignorant people are frightened and easily misled, but "education" means one group forcing their beliefs on another. Fuck that. Teach me to read and I'll read what I want. Teach me to write and I'll write what I want. Teach me carpentry and I'll build what I want. But don't try to tell me what to read or what to write or what to build. That's not information or skill; that's bullshit. This revolution must come freely from the consciousness of the people or it will be just another structure and the people will have to fuck that up too.

Those who ramp on the revolution do so because they were educated to believe in plastic dog shit like "nations," "presidents," "law" and "order." "Work, study, get ahead, kill." They think that's right. If only they knew that their brothers and sisters were their brothers and sisters then they'd know all that chauvinist crap is wrong. Show them your joy. Inform them with your beauty.

FUCK PARANOIA

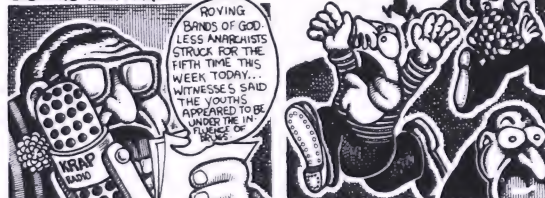
But I am pigeon-livered, and
lack gall
To make oppression bitter...

Hamlet

"They," whoever you are scared of, is human. They are brothers and sisters too, if maybe a little fucked up. I mean what's going to happen? In the revolution there are no careers to be ruined, no prestige to be lost, no property to have destroyed. Careers, prestige and property are imaginary concepts. What's the harm in losing imaginary concepts if you keep your imagination? Well, they might kill you. In which case you'll be dead and go to heaven or something. Whatever happens when one dies, relatively few have been dissatisfied enough with this condition to come back. They might beat you. That's a drag but you'll either heal or you won't. If you don't heal we've already covered that and if you do you do. They might put you in jail. That's a drag too but it ain't the end of the world. You'll just have to make that your movie. It may not be the best movie but it's been the movie of lots of good people before you. The shit is liable to hit the fan now and then but being scared just wastes energy. We have to stop them from doing this shit but don't get desperate and don't lose hope. Stopping bad guys at the level of their bodies (i.e., offing them) is ok when absolutely necessary, but stopping them at the level of their minds does more good for the



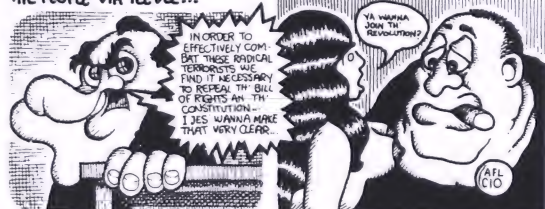
ALL ACROSS AMERICA SMALL GROUPS OF GABOTEURS STRIKE WITH FLAMING VENGEANCE...THE AIR WAVES ARE ELECTRIC WITH RAGE... THE CITIZENRY IS QUICK TO REACT!



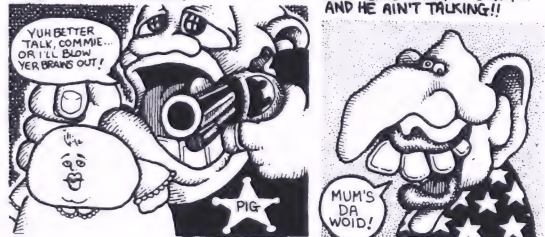
THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY CONCERNED PARENTS QUESTION THEIR CHILDREN...



THE PRESIDENT DECLARES A STATE OF NATIONAL EMERGENCY AND REASSURES THE PEOPLE VIA TEEVIE... MEANWHILE, SHREWD REVOLUTIONARIES ORGANIZE THE WORKING CLASS...



AND THE AUTHORITIES QUESTION VARIOUS DISREPUTABLE SUSPECTS BUT NO ONE KNOWS HOW IT'LL END...EXCEPT FOR THIS GUY... AND HE AIN'T TALKING!!



TRONIC

revolution. It produces less bitterness. Pigs are people too, though they mostly don't know it yet. What good is it to have a people's revolution if you have to kill the people to have it. We've seen too much of that kind of thinking this century.

FUCK VIOLENCE

O Bomb I love you
I want to kiss your clank
eat your boom
You are a paen
an acme of scream

Gregory Corso

But remember violence is a human concept. Violence is when people get hurt. There is no such thing as violence against property. Feel free to make a mess. And feel free to defend yourself and your people. That's not violence either. Just forget revenge, forget aggression, forget hatred - wasted energy that could have gone for help, joy, and good vibes.

FUCK NORMALCY

Do I dare
Disturb the universe?

T. S. Eliot

People are more conscious of their brotherhood during crisis situations so until people can be naturally conscious of their brotherhood maintain a constant state of crisis. Make a mess! Tie up traffic. Cut off power. Fuck up industry, commerce and government. Let the USA know that as long as it's going to vamp on the Vietnamese, Cambodians, Blacks, Indians, Students, Cubans, Hippies, Mexicans, Poor Whites, Women, etc. etc. we ain't gonna let them wallow in their routine. If this country is going to war on the world and pollute the planet then we're going to bring that mess right home to them. The secret to this is that our misled brothers and sisters don't really want to wallow in their routine. Their lives are dull, tiresome and unhappy. Give them an excuse to run away and join our circus.

FUCK SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS

I know perfectly well my own
egotism
Know my omnivorous lines
and must not write any less
And would fetch you whoever
you are flush with myself

Walt Whitman

Say what you think but don't clog the information channels with it. Don't insist and don't bicker, just do the righteous thing and shut up. Case in point - the outrageous program I've outlined might not go down at all. How would I, alone, know? A person, alone, doesn't know a fucking thing. Only the people know for sure. The revolution will come if we deserve to have it come. So think and act in ways that deserve the revolution.

BLACK POWER
to the Black People
WOMAN POWER
to the Women People
STUDENT POWER
to the Student People
FLOWER POWER
to the Hippie People
NO POWER
to the Power People

UFO SHOT DOWN

COLUMBIA, S.C. [LNS] -- Three operators of the UFO: first of the half-dozen radical GI coffeehouses which have developed at major army bases around the country, have been sentenced to an unbelievable six years at hard labor under an obscure public nuisance law which Columbia's officialdom has invoked only once in the past eighty years. The coffeehouse, which has served as a rallying point for Fort Jackson's anti-war GIs, as well as Columbia's modest but growing community of student and hip radicals, has been closed since January 1970. Its operators were first charged with "willfully and unlawfully permitting, causing, and procuring: the making of loud music; persons of evil name, fame and conversation, men as well as women, to come together; the display of obscene materials (underground papers); and the possession, sale, and use of unlawful drugs." Finally, getting to the point, the UFO people were charged with "aiding, encouraging, enticing, allowing, and permitting minors under the age of 21, to become incorrigible and ungovernable."

The convicted UFO people are Will Balk, Lenny Cohen, and Duane Ferre. A fourth indicted staffer evaded the police and is thought to be organizing political protest against the UFO repression from elsewhere in the country.

The government's case attempted to show that the frequenters of the UFO were "dirty" and "loud"; that a copy of the Berkeley *Barb* had been found in the building; and rested on testimony from four of Columbia's hard drug pushers and seven local police.

The pushers had been promised immunity from future prosecution on their testimony and were given deals on past prosecutions. They testified to having used and sold drugs at the UFO. Only

one of the pusher-witnesses connected drugs to any of the defendants (his testimony was later refuted). The other pushers testified that the defendants had thrown them out of the UFO on suspicion of dealing drugs.

The seven local police testified that on occasion "crowds" (of up to .5 people) had formed in front of the UFO. The police also said that they had made numerous nuisance arrests in and around the UFO.

That was all it took to put the three anti-war organizers away for six years.

The most interesting trial testimony came from two GIs who had been undercover agents assigned to the UFO by Army officials. Both had been turned on to the movement and had quit their assignments. They tried to testify about the Army's collaboration with civilian authorities in the effort to shut down the UFO. One of the GIs had even been offered a commission to become a "civilian" undercover agent in the peace movement. The judge, however, ruled most of their testimony out of order.

The Army and the civilian government both have good reason to be uptight about the UFO. In its two years of operation, the coffeehouse has provided a focal point, a gathering place, for the massive anger and discontent that seethes just below the surface of Army repression. The anger has broken out in spurts across the country - in stockade riots, anti-war demonstrations, refusal of orders and just plain shirking. 53,357 GIs deserted from the Army in 1968 - these are the Army's figures - that's one desertion every ten minutes of every day. "When I was an M.P. guard at the Long Binh stockade," says a Vietnam veteran, "there were 23 guys in for killing their commanding officers, and 17 more on trial."

The Army cannot afford to let GIs get together, so the brass has met even the most moderate protest with immediate repression. When Fort Jackson GIs held a

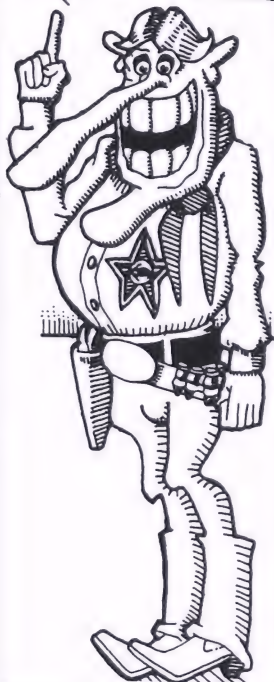
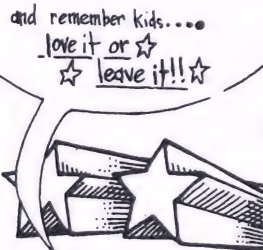
peace "pray in" the Fort Jackson Fight were picked out for courtmartial. But with the UFO providing a focus for GI reaction, the court martial became the occasion for a massive petition campaign on several Southern forts, and also led to the formation of GIs United, an organization of anti-war, anti-racist soldiers at Jackson and at Fort Bragg, N.C.

The closing of the UFO last January led to a new political offensive by Columbia's radicals. About 500 people marched down Columbia's main street, past the Capitol to the padlocked, pig guarded UFO, a quarter of the demonstrators were active-duty GIs, risking whatever the brass might have in store for them back on base. With MPs and Army Intelligence agents taking pictures on every corner, the GIs flashed their green service identification cards in defiance, and waved scores of GIs on the sidewalks into the line of march.

When Columbia radicals held rallies and set up a "UFO in Exile" at the University of South Carolina, the repression increased. Eviction notices were served to the two houses where UFO staff lived, and UFO supporters were denied access to public auditoriums, buildings on the university campus, and parks. Five people were arrested under the city littering law, and three high school students suspended from school for leafletting.

Columbia's radicals are not yet sure how to react to the heavy repression. But the GI movement is growing despite Army attempts to crush it. Short Times, the GI United paper, has doubled its circulation to 6,000 and has turned from an emphasis on local GI gripes to consciously building a radical GI movement. As Judge Agnew said when he explained the necessity for his heavy sentence: "A great number of young people from all over South Carolina were exposed to the teachings of the defendants."

The three organizers are out on bail while the case is being appealed.



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FILM

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

by LEN BRADFORD

The Hopkins Film Workshop brought Jean-Luc Godard's *Sympathy for the Devil* to Baltimore on May 8th and 9th as part of a benefit for the Workshop, which is a program for young filmmakers, providing a forum for the discussion of each other's work, and classes in which to learn techniques.

Godard's devil remains an ambiguous character. The filmic structure interweaves footage of the Rolling Stones' recording sessions of the song from which the title, of course, is taken, and *Week-end*-like "political" monologues, interviews, enactments, etc. The end result is a film that is redundantly "filmic" in nature, in its structure, and, most importantly, anti-language, anti-novel, and non-linear.

Godard is one director of our time whose exploration of the medium has included among its main objectives the freeing of film from traditional requirements which film has inherited from the form of the novel, i.e., plot, the telling of a "story," a linear, explanatory structure, with a beginning and end. The implications of the film, insofar as they are related to its structure, are obvious: revolution is an evolutionary process, just as the development of the recording of "Sympathy for the Devil" by the Stones is a continuing process of integration and overlay.

Strangely enough, it is Godard's "example" of dialectic, rather than that which the example serves to illustrate, that is the most interesting. The audience is literally with the Stones, and a part of their creative process there in the dark



wood paneled London Studios. This is surely a powerful example of the intimacy which Godard is capable of achieving. The first "style" in which they attempt to do the song is almost hymnlike — and the development of the arrangement is a process toward a greater urgency. Nicky Hopkins begins with slow organ chords to switch to hard-driving, raging piano. Keith Richards on bass (!) emerges as leader, goading Charlie Watts into more insistent rhythms. Jagger himself is transparent, wonderful, showing facets of his personality which are apparent probably only to his close friends. The camera never intrudes, never artificializes — the Stones are their own unpremeditated selves. Jagger must restrain himself at his hip in order to project himself into the highly directional mike, alive, possessed. Yet each Stone is isolated by the large wooden partitions which serve as sound baffles — their creation is less a group effort than an individual necessity. The same is true of Godard's revolutionaries. It's apparent when the song reaches satisfactory form. The energy is there, overwhelming. Jagger is, however, by himself on one side of a large partition, singing along with the playback of the previously recorded instrumental tracks, while Keith Richards, Jagger's girl-friend Marianne Faithful, and the remaining Stones and friends add the eerie ooh-oohs on the final track. And then Jagger alone, into himself, in some other realm.

Over the soundtrack is inserted intermittent readings from a very strange book of politico-pornography. Various scenes: Anne Wiazemsky (Godard's wife) spray-painting graffiti everywhere. Again

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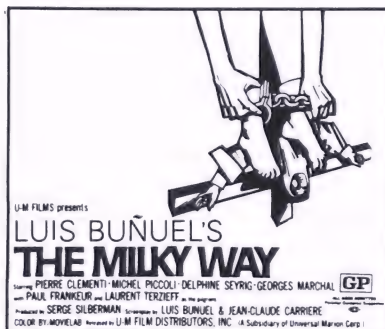
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"MARVELOUS!"

Dozens of saints, rascals, nuns, picaroons, inquisitors, heretics, bishops, whores and humble people are either represented or evoked in Luis Buñuel's marvelous film 'The Milky Way', which has the form of a lovely fantasy... a livelier fantasy than 'The Wizard of Oz.' The film goes about its business with a comic, masterly cool that is more remorseless than anything Buñuel has done before. FASCINATING!"

—Vincent Canby, NEW YORK TIMES



"A SHOCKER!"

'THE MILKY WAY' HAS ARRIVED and it has an overwhelming theme, but Buñuel does not flinch; his courage is matched by his accomplishment. The result is a completely absorbing film... fascinating, outrageous!"

—Judith Crist, NEW YORK MAGAZINE

the 5 WEST 2, 4, 6, 8, 10
North at Charles 837-1956

integration: (CINEMARXISM. USA+CIA =TWA, MAO/ART.) The handsome Wiazemsky (in flowing dress, as Eve Democracy) being photographed and interviewed as she wanders through a forest. She is asked seemingly meaningful questions to which she invariably answers "yes."

Godard's structure is most apparent in the scenes involving readings from Eldridge Cleaver and LeRoi Jones, where black militants inhabit an auto junk yard, pass around automatic rifles, and sacrifice three white girls dressed in angelic white robes. There is meaningless repetition in this, however. The weapons pass forcefully from one hand to another in one direction, then in its opposite.



Manifestos are repeated by rote. Every one looks busy doing nothing. Is this drilling for the revolution? Or is this the imitation of one? Does the satisfaction and release achieved in the "acting out" of revolutionary postures prevent the actual occurrence of the revolution? Or are they looking for a key, just as the Stones were looking for the life to their song, that will make what is now choreography a reality?

Unfortunately, none of this seems to come off as well as the taping sessions. Political cant repeated in this fashion becomes its own satire. Godard's own attitude remains ambiguous. Wiazemsky, accompanying a guerilla band, is shot, falls, and then is hoisted aloft on a camera platform! We have realized then, that this too, was a cinematic revolution, only....



BARRY BREAKS WITH WXTC

Two weeks ago, Barry Lee, D.J. for the "Real Rock" show on WXTC-FM in Annapolis, walked in to work. "Sorry, Barry, but we've got a special meeting of the city council, and you're going to be pre-empted tonight." So Barry walked out the door. Barry didn't come back. Ever. "We don't know what happened to the guy," replied the startled operators when asked what happened.

Barry is on his way to Philadelphia. Maybe to the offices of WMMR-FM. You see, Barry wasn't happy in Annapolis. Barry was being pressured. Barry had some jerk breathing down his neck every second he was on the air. His "Monitor," as they call the censor men, didn't want any lousy hippie spreading his subversive garbage. "You can't play 'Monster' (by Steppenwolf) on the air!" Why don't you play those clean songs like the ones from the fifties, like "Work with me Annie."

When the monitor wasn't down his back, then it was M. H. Blum, owner of the station. "I'm the Captain of this Ship, and if you don't like it, you can get off!" said Blum. Numerous petitions were sent to WXTC, requesting that the Mothers be played. "Oh, no you don't!" said the manager. Barry had the Mothers beside the turntables one night, ready to go on. "What's this crap?" asked the manager. The Mothers didn't go on. Bot (right on!) Barry snuck them on a few nights later.

When Barry started this program, he bought \$175 worth of albums. A girl wrote in, "I think it's terrible that he would have to spend that much money." She thought it was the station's job. Mr. Blum had a shit fit. "If I get ONE more letter like this, you're OFF the Air!!!"

M. H. Blum told one caller last week that WXTC was using money that they made on their other shows to finance "Real Rock." He said the show was a loser, economically. There wasn't a decent market for this type of thing in Annapolis. He was going way out of his way to keep "Real Rock" on the air, and was periodically enlarging the show. It was up to a full 3½ hours when Barry left. "We're a small station. When an announcer gets a chance at a bigger job, with bigger pay and a bigger audience, he's going to take it. This new boy we have, Dave Douglas, will carry on where Barry left off. He'll be a little nervous at first, but he'll make it." Barry said, "Dave Douglas won't be there long either."

It's Done With Mirrors

BY JONATHAN TAKIFF

"When I saw 2,000 people walk out on this group (Alice Cooper), I knew I had to manage them. They exhibited the strangest negative force I'd ever seen. You know, people hated Dylan, the Stones, even the Beatles when they first came out. It's the ones who bring a strong reaction, positive or negative, that have a chance to make it. A negative force can't swing around. If a group sees an audience just sitting there motionless, they know there is trouble."

There is no doubt about it, Alice Cooper is an extraordinarily powerful act to view. Their manager, Shep Gordon refers to them as "pop art," but I prefer a "theatrical" tag. No wonder Zappa signed them to his euphemistically named Straight Records label. High voltage, total sensory bombardment. Crashing, banging, distorting, free rock, space noise/music. Dramatic stage movements seem abstractly choreographed. A special lightshow dances and strobes altering combinations of colors in rhythmic thrusts and orchestrated climaxes. Pressure and fury builds, destruction is inevitable. A large plastic rabbit is gang-banged, then smashed against the drum set. The musicians kill each other off with power. An absurdist's paradise, an authentic freak scene, but is it good? Nobody seems to know. It's like being pushed suddenly into a totally new environment. The wonder of it all reduces thought processes to mindless babblings.

I push my way to the dressing room, half expecting to find the group still

Cont. on page 16

SURFING FILM FANTASY



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Cont. from page 15

running around, smashing chairs and mirrors. Instead, I find some chicks rubbing the sweat off their backs, as the musicians, obviously drained, sit motionless and quiet. They accept a compliment with graciousness and obvious pleasure. We talk some.

Alice Cooper has come a long way from its beginnings six years ago when some members of a high school track team put together a skit about a rock group for their variety show, then went out and bought instruments to bring their fantasy to life. From their beginnings in boppy-bubble gum music to their present excursion into mind-boggling new directions is an enormous quantum leap. Some feelings of artistic insecurity are inevitable, as they wonder where it's all going and if anyone cares.

Their album, "Pretties For You," recorded about a year ago, is only half-representative of the group's direction. Basically a collection of passable hard rock ditties, it doesn't come close to the effect generated by the in-person theatrics and the recently added structural noise. The group needs exposure and lots of it to win converts to their new taste sensation. Like avocados or some other strange fruit, Alice Cooper takes an open mind to understand, much less enjoy. Is the emperor wearing clothes? Beats me.

Neil Young's new album on Reprise, "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere," is a definite improvement over his first solo recording. This one features a fine back-up band called Crazy Horse and still more musical spin-offs from the halcyon days of the Buffalo Springfield. "Cinnamon Girl" and the title track are particularly impressive and might break through to AM radio.

No sooner had the album arrived when I learned that Neil Young will shortly announce his merger with fellow ex-Buffalo Springfielder Steve Stills and the rest of the group known as Crosby, Stills and Nash. Will they be called "C S N and Y" or "C S and N, featuring Y," I wonder. May I suggest they rename themselves, "You can't keep a good band(d) down." Ugh.

Young, incidentally, will continue to also record on his own, but I would imagine that Crazy Horse will disband. A sorry sidelight to an interesting turn of events.



Yippies Denied Bombing Permit

What with all the bombings going on, like the ones at Mobil, IBM, and Sylvania headquarters in New York, some crazies have attempted to channel their bombings constructively.

However, in their first dealing with the city of Detroit, under the heavy hand of Roamin' S. Gibbs, the Youth International Party was recently denied a permit to demolish the General Motors Building.

The Parkin' Meter Yippies requested the permit "so as not to inconvenience anyone who might wish to be using the building." Citing the many ecological, political and social offenses committed by General Motors on the people of the world, the Yippies respectfully requested the permit one Tuesday last month.

It was denied Thursday.

"Hell," grumbled Yippie Spokesman Jumpin' Jack Flash, "it ain't fair. You gotta be a corporation or a country to go around blowing shit up. I mean, GM is clogging up America's lungs, they're keeping South Africa alive by squashing black people and they make crummy cars. They go around defying government orders. We don't do that."

A spokesman for the City Clerk's office (who declined to give his name) asked, "Who would want to do that?" When told the Yippies were interested, he replied, "How can you get a permit to do something as silly as that? Things like that are done on the sly."

Walking out of the City Clerk's office, the yippies looked glum. "This destroys my last hope for legal channels," said Jumpin' Jack. "I've been listening to people telling kids to go through channels and finally we tried and look where it's gotten us. They tell us to do it illegally."

ON THE STREET

PCPA — SIDE EFFECTS

Para-chlorophenylalaline, a drug used in clinical research to treat a variety of conditions, including intestinal tumors and schizophrenia, may also be a powerful aphrodisiac, according to researchers at the National Heart Institute. Writing in *Science*, Alessandro Tagliamonte, Paola Tagliamonte, Gian L. Gessa and Bernard B. Brodie report that the drug (usually abbreviated PCPA) "induces long-lasting sexual excitation in male rats." Moreover, they note that when another drug, pargyline, is administered along with the PCPA, the sexually stimulating effect of the PCPA is enhanced. There is no evidence that pargyline used alone or with drugs other than PCPA acts as an aphrodisiac.

The discovery of the possible aphrodisiac effect of PCPA came in the course of a study of the role of serotonin (5-hydroxytryptamine) in controlling the estrous cycle and sexual behavior of female rats. It had been known for some years that PCPA is effective in reducing the level of serotonin produced by the pineal gland, a small organ located near the center of the mammalian brain. A "casual observation" that the administration of PCPA and pargyline to male rats produced sexual excitement prompted the Heart Institute group to study the influence of the selective inhibition of serotonin synthesis on sexual behavior. The study included both normal male rats and male rats whose pineal gland had been surgically removed. After treatment with either PCPA alone or with PCPA plus pargyline the rats were put in cages in groups of six and their sexual behavior was observed.

Of the 60 normal animals treated with PCPA alone 16 exhibited mounting behavior, coital movements and other signs of sexual excitement during the 12-hour

observation period. The normal rats that were treated with PCPA plus pargyline showed far more sexual stimulation. A much larger percentage of these animals (58 out of 80) displayed compulsive sexual activity; moreover, the investigators point out, "the frequency of mounting was much greater. The sexual excitation lasted for several hours and usually reached a climax with all of the animals in one cage attempting to mount each other at the same time."

To decide whether the sexual excitation was related to a deficiency of serotonin in the rats' brains, a precursor of serotonin, the amino acid L-5-hydroxytryptophan, was injected into 10 of the animals treated with PCPA plus pargyline while they were exhibiting sexual excitation. Within 10 minutes all signs of sexual excitation disappeared.

Similar experiments were carried out with the pinealectomized animals; it was found that seven out of 12 pinealectomized rats treated with PCPA displayed sexual excitement at about the same frequency as the normal animals treated with PCPA and pargyline. This finding ruled out the possibility that the action of PCPA is mediated by the inhibition of pineal indole hormones derived from brain serotonin. The investigators conclude that the changes in sexual behavior produced by PCPA alone or by PCPA with pargyline result from the depletion of serotonin in the brain and from the secondary imbalance between serotonin and other substances in the brain. They add that "the sexual stimulation produced by PCPA alone and in combination with pargyline is not restricted to male rats. Rabbits injected with PCPA and pargyline also displayed compulsive sexual behavior that lasted up to three days."

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Gravenstein, No., Sebastopol, Calif.

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coming more solid
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SUN & FUN AT READ ST.

by MITCH HELLMAN

Read Street is alive and well twice a year. May 9th saw the second Read Street Fun Festival. To sum it up before having said anything, it was a good fun festival, but not a great Fun Festival. To list some reasons why:

a. It's much too close to Flower Mart day, with only three days in between the two events. Part of the thing that makes it worthwhile is bumping into (often literally) those people you almost never see. You know the riff: "Oh wow! Hey man, I haven't seen you since the time at the Civic Center when we saw the Monkees! What the fuck you doin' with yourself?" Or seeing the guy you beat up in Fourth Grade when you both wore crew-cuts and P.F. Flyers and watched Patty Duke go through puberty, acne, and not being asked to the record hop. Or the little red-headed girl you took to the Jr. High dance who wouldn't kiss on the first date so you made it the last. This "hail fellow-well met" thing is best if it doesn't happen more than two or three times a year. I think it's best to have the affair only in November and save May for the Flower Mart, the one, true, finest kind, guaranteed, honest-to-god gathering of the tribes, and the rest of Baltimore will just have to stand back and take our "scene for a day" lying down, like it or not.

b. Our President would have to pick this time to invade Cambodia. I wish him many more sleepless nights like last Friday night. The Washington protest split the Baltimore chapter of the Woodstock Nation as to which thing to be a part of. Both groups missed out on something, I think. Don't get me wrong though, the protest and the fun festival had no true basis for comparison except that many of the people present at one might well be seen at the other if the two hadn't occurred at the same time. (One local performer cancelled her appearance in order to be in Washington. Her request that an announcement to this effect be made was, however, refused.)

c. It was hot. It was too damn hot. This also is not the fault of the Merchant's Association. I know that nothing could be done to relieve the discomfort (except to buy some kind of refreshment, the money going to the worthy cause of Man Alive, but in all fairness I must list this as one of the reasons that the festival missed being the FESTIVAL, though admittedly it didn't miss by all that much. Some present at the festival took my suggestion about going over to



the State Office Bldg. fountain to get wet and cool off. One truly opportunist chick swam in a bikini while everyone else waded around in their clothes..... I was sitting by the fountain, and as an ambulance screeched by I said in a calm but loud voice: "Of course you all know you're under arrest." About thirty people immediately split for parts unknown.

One thing I must mention is that I saw a hell of a lot of trash, garbage, litter, and various and sundry other things best not specified in detail. One angry young rhetorician, after the music ended, tried to get the disinterested stragglers to join him in Washington, and then in cleaning up the debris. How quickly Earth Day is forgotten!...But by no means am I downing the Read Street Fun Festival. The music, food, stuff for sale, and people all made the day memorable, if nothing to tell your grand-children about. But honest, fellas, it was a real good try.

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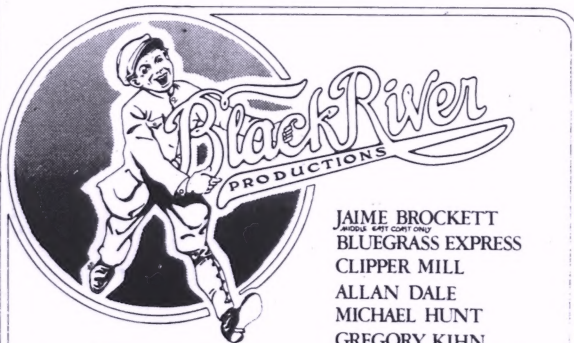
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CLASSIFIED

WANTED Established Rock Band desperately needs an experienced bass player with good equipment & transportation for bookings in June. Call Ed at 687-6739, after 4 P.M.

WANTED Music Festival June 9th. Musicians needed. People to attend needed. No charge. Free. For information call Mel, 265-5837

LOST grayish cat with white throat, in vicinity of 1100 block St. Paul around May 1. Reward. Call 752-2780

WANTED feed and receiving tray for A.B.Dick Mimeo machine. Desperate. Call 254-4763. Ask for Den.

WANTED young lady to care for pad of young executive if interested, call Wayne business - 462-4999 home - 944-4606

Scorpio male is in need of character correction from Pisces or Cancer chick. Write Magic Stan, 105 Shealy Ave., Towson, for details.

Stamp collection - \$20 Vegetable juicer - \$25
Fireplace irons - \$6 Civil War bayonet - \$5
Encyclopedia - \$12 Convertible top - \$12
Dictaphone (cost \$400 new)
Addressograph (cost \$75 new - needs parts)
Sit down ironer (mangle) - \$12
Call Bob at 523-3703

John is the name of this drummer, And he sure ain't no bummer. Kind of a jerk, but just has to find work, So give a call before eleven. 435-6557

Artists and craftsmen wanted to exhibit works for sale at gallery. Call 448-0113

LOST - 1 silver dollar in stream behind Loyola College dormitory, near Evergreen House. Finderskeepers.

Malcolm - M & K gone. Could move to 25th; do music 24 hrs, will paint. Stop insane super high pain. Please come home. -Margot

Have renounced psychedelics as far as having any ethical, mental, or religious value. Please don't bother me with deals as I am no longer interested in psychedelic income. -Huey

Art lessons in Pikesville area. 764-3150

LOST - one silver antique change purse. Believed to contain about 14¢. Size: about 1X2 inches. Please return to HARRY if found. - Pat

Free Communist flags and literature 844-1021

Education is dying. Anyone with new blood or who knows where we can get it contact C. F. Scammon 728-5020

WANTED: Male Hippie from England 18-25. Call Audrey 367-4129

WAR IS OVER IF YOU WANT IT

HELP WANTED: Experienced auto mechanic needed full time at A&W Garage. Call any time at 243-9522. Freaks welcome.

Trudy: someone is interested. 837-5670 ask for Karen.

FOR SALE: 12 string ARIANA guitar in great shape and sound. \$70 Call 752-4649

WANTED: Female for body painting. No experience necessary. Good pay. 255-7764 between 4 & 6

APT. to sublet, near Hopkins. † 2 bedrooms. \$100 June 1 to August 31. Call 235-2325 after 5:30.

Bass Player (guy) & Girl Singer desire position in band. Please call 342-2153

FIAT 1960 sports roadster w/1.5 litre OSCA-MASERATI double overhead cam racing type engine (recently re-built). Pininfarina body. New interior. Nardi custom wood wheel. "Mini-Maserati" feel and performance. Unconventional sports machine. \$2400 invested; best offer over \$1200. Call 542-0516.

Encounter group at Corner Theatre. Three weekly meetings preceding a week-end retreat followed up with two more weekly meetings. We will emphasize self awareness, sensitivity to others, and greater contact with the environment. Group methods will be employed in an atmosphere of acceptance and trust. Total cost, \$30. Classes begin Tues. May 19 at 8 PM at Corner Theatre, 853 N. Howard. Call 825-2700

NEEDED DESPERATELY: One good looking, long brown haired guy to write to one lonely chick in messed up town. Must be understanding and willing to write often. PLEASE WRITE!

Debli Nichol
313 North Street
Easton, Md. 21601

Steve (Reds) from Pennsylvania please contact Debli Nichol from Easton. 822-0963 Or write to address above.

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR FRIENDS. Volunteers to help with creative child care at PEOPLE'S FREE MEDICAL CLINIC, 3028 Greenmount, Mon. & Thurs. at 6:30 PM. Call Sandy Adams, 235-1203.

CHICK BLUES SINGER, 16, seeks group. Has experience in former groups. Call Linda at 484-3732 after 3 PM.

NEEDED: One Stabilization Photographic Print Processor for use by 'Harry.' Free lifetime subscription to 'Harry' in exchange. Please contact Mike at 243-2150.

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS.....

continued from page 20

Glenwood Country Club
442-2151
Goucher College
Dulaney Valley Rd. 825-3300
Holiday Inn North 823-8750
Loch Raven Blvd. & Joppa Rd.
It's Open Coffee House
Oakland Mills Village Ctr.
Columbia 730-7566
Sun. - Thurs. 7:30-11 P.M.
Fri. & Sat. 7:30-12:30
Sat. & Sun. also: 3-6 P.M.
Ledge Rats, M.C. 467-0813
meet: Gulliver's Books
Lyric Theatre 685-5086
128 W. Mt. Royal Ave.
Main Point 525-3375
874 Lancaster Ave.
Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Maryland Institute 669-9200
1300 W. Mt. Royal Ave.
Morgan State College 323-2270
Hillen Rd. & Cold Spring Lane
Peabody Book Shop
913 N. Charles St. 539-9201
Peabody Conservatory
J. E. Mt. Vernon Place 837-0600
Peale Museum
225 Holliday St.
Son of Coffee Grounds
Roland Ave. & Oakdale Rd.
Spotlighters 752-1225
817 St. Paul St. 8:30 P.M.
Theatre Hopkins 366-3300
Charles & 35th Sts. 8:30 P.M.
UMBC - Univ. of Md. Balto.
County 744-7800
5401 Wilkens Ave.
Western Maryland College
Westminster 8:30 P.M. \$1.
Woodlawn Senior H.S.
Security Blvd. & Woodlawn Dr.
nr. Beltway exit 17 944-5886

Films

Short-Run

May 16
"The Bohemian Girl"
Laurel & Hardy
Peabody Book Shop
1:30 & 3:30 P.M.

May 19
Film on Creativity
Enoch Pratt Free Library

May 22
"Freaks" & "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" 8 P.M.
Essex Community College

May 18 - 24
"Monterey Pop" & "Don't Look Back"
Ellicott Theatre
Ellicott City 465-8686

May 23
"Saps at Sea" Laurel & Hardy
Peabody Book Shop
1:30 & 3:30 P.M.

4/29/70 thru 5/19/70
"Midnight Cowboy"
Playhouse
Charles & 25th
2-4-6-8-10

5/6/70 thru 5/26/70
"The Milky Way"
5 West
Charles St. & North Ave.
2-4-6-8-10

Opening 5/13
"Let It Be"
7 East - Charles St. & North
2:30-4-5:30-7-8:30-10
Cinema I - York & Ridgely
2-3:30-5-6:30-8-9:30
Cinema II - York & Ridgely
2:30-4-5:30-7-8:30-10
Paramount - 6650 Belair Rd.
Reisterstown Rd. Plaza
Reisterstown Rd.
3:20-5-6:40-8:20-10
Strand - Dundalk

Opening 5/20/70
"Women In Love"
Playhouse - Charles & 25th

Opening 5/27/70
"Fellini Satyricon"
5 West - Charles St. & North

Opening 5/27/70
"The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart"
Tower - 2 Charles Center

Opening 5/27/70
"One More Time"
World Premiere
Hippodrome - 12 N. Eutaw

Opening 5/29/70
"The Boys In the Band"
Mayfair - 524 N. Howard

ART SHOWS

CONTINUING

Apr. 27 - May 22
Exhibition of William Larson
Maryland Inst. Photic Gallery

May 3 - 31
Maryland Institute Faculty
Exhib. - Fells Pt. Art Gallery

May 3 - 31
Danish Graphic Artists
Exhibit - St. Agnes College

May 12 - June 21
"Washington: 20 Years"
Baltimore Museum of Art

May 14 - 19
American Inst. of Architects/
American Inst. of Planners
Exhibit (photos, paintings &
art) Mercantile Trust Bldg.

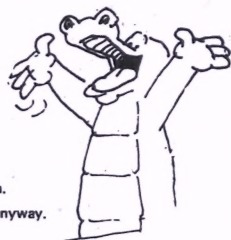
May 16 - 24
Tiffany Glass Exhibition
Peale Museum

May 17 - June 12
Morgan State College Art
Majors Exhibition

May 18 - June 6
Contemporary Art of Poland
Goucher College

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE

The most together listing of events in town.
If it isn't here, you probably wouldn't like it anyway.



MAY 18 - MONDAY

Theatre:

"Here" - an experience in sensory bombardment for an audience of one.
Corner Theatre.

"Theater Games" with Joe Agne.
(Active participation invited.)
It's Open Coffee House

MAY 19 - TUESDAY

Music:

Peabody Chorus - Gregg Smith
directing - Peabody Conservatory
of Music 8:30 P.M.

Theatre:

"The Glass Menagerie" by
Tennessee Williams
Center Stage 11 A.M.

MAY 20 - WEDNESDAY

Music:

"HOOT"
Crack of Dawn 9 P.M.

Discussion:

"The Tarot & Divination"
with Bennett Hoffman
It's Open Coffee House

MAY 21 - THURSDAY

Music:

Bette White
Western Maryland College
8:30 P.M. \$1.

Roger Sherman
Crack of Dawn

Dave Van Ronk
The Main Point

"Rigoletto" - Baltimore
Civic Opera - Lyric 8:15 P.M.

Electronic Music by Students of
Jean Eichelberger Ivey
Peabody Conservatory 5 P.M.

Theatre:

"West Side Story" - Woodlawn
Senior High School 8 P.M.

"The Glass Menagerie" by
Tennessee Williams
Center Stage 11 A.M.

MAY 22 - FRIDAY

Music:

Matheis & Dimenna
Crack of Dawn

Dave Van Ronk
The Main Point

"Aux" - Bluesette
Open Stage
It's Open Coffee House

Theatre:

"West Side Story" - Woodlawn
Senior High School 8 P.M.

"The Glass Menagerie" by
Tennessee Williams 11 A.M.
& 8:30 P.M. Center Stage

"Dear Me. the Sky Is Falling"
by Spigelgass
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.



MAY 23 - SATURDAY

Music:

"Joshua"
UMBC

Matheis & Dimenna
Crack of Dawn

Dave Van Ronk
The Main Point

"Rigoletto" - Baltimore
Civic Opera - Lyric 8:15 P.M.

Lucy Hill (folk)
It's Open Coffee House

Archdiocesan Instrumental Band
with John Melick
Morgan State College
Murphy Aud. 2 P.M.

Theatre:

"West Side Story" - Woodlawn
Senior High School 8 P.M.

"Liberation" - Rock Theater
Peabody Conservatory of Music
8 P.M. Free

"The Glass Menagerie" by
Tennessee Williams
Center Stage 8:30 P.M.

"Dear Me. the Sky Is Falling"
by Spigelgass
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

MAY 24 - SUNDAY

Music:

**FREE ROCK FESTIVAL AT
UMBC** - 12 noon till -
Aux, Joshua, Calhoun, Howdy
Doody, Meat, Aubrey Circle.
Procreation - rain or shine.

All Nations Peace Day Festival
Glenwood Country Club 3 P.M.
Sly & the Family Stone, Aux,
Crunk, Howdy Doody
\$6 Advance or \$7 Gate

"HOOT"
Crack of Dawn 4-8 P.M.

Baltimore Folk Music Society
Crack of Dawn 8 P.M.

James Brown Show
Baltimore Civic Center 8 P.M.

Stan Kenton Orchestra
Famous Ballroom

Dave Van Ronk
The Main Point

Theatre:

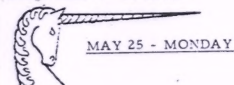
"Liberation" - Rock Theater
Peabody Conservatory of Music
8 P.M. Free

"The Glass Menagerie" by
Tennessee Williams
Center Stage 2 & 7:30 P.M.

"Dear Me. the Sky Is Falling"
by Spigelgass
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

Nature:

Carderock Super Boulderling
Day - hard climbs.
Ledge Rats 10 A.M.



MAY 25 - MONDAY

Music:

"Rigoletto" - Baltimore
Civic Opera - Lyric 8:15 P.M.

Theatre:

"Here" - an experience in
sensory bombardment for an
audience of one.
Corner Theatre.

MAY 27 - WEDNESDAY

Music:

"HOOT"
Crack of Dawn 9 P.M.

MAY 28 - THURSDAY

Music:

Bob Cabwalader
Crack of Dawn

MAY 29 - FRIDAY

Music:

Gregory "Omar" Kihn
Son of Coffee Grounds

Mike Harris
Crack of Dawn

"Howdy Doody" - Bluesette

Theatre:

"Dear Me. the Sky Is Falling"
by Spigelgass
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

MAY 30 - SATURDAY

Music:

CANCELLED Nash & Young
Baltimore Civic Ctr. 8 P.M.

Mike Harris
Crack of Dawn

Peabody Orchestra. Leo Mueller
conducting - Peabody Conservatory
8:30 P.M.

"Joshua" - Bluesette

Theatre:

"Dear Me. the Sky Is Falling"
by Spigelgass
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.



WHERE

Baltimore Civic Center
201 W. Balto. St. 837-0900
Baltimore Museum of Art
Charles & 31st 889-1735
Bluesette
2439 N. Charles St. 467-4404
8 P.M. Fri. & Sat. \$2. Sun. \$1.
Center Stage
11 E. North Ave. 685-5020
Corner Theatre 8 P.M.
853 N. Howard St. 728-4707
Crack of Dawn
100 W. 25th St. 243-1718
Enoch Pratt Free Library
400 Cathedral St.
685-6700 2 P.M.
Essex Community College
Ridge Rd. at Kennedy Expressway
682-6000
Famous Ballroom
1717 N. Charles St. 727-8620
Sun. 5-9 P.M. \$3.50
Fells Point Art Gallery
811 S. Broadway 675-6273
Thurs. & Fri. 11-3 Sat. 12-4
Sun. 2-5

continued on page 19

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